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JB.
McLeady.

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Volume 47 Number 11
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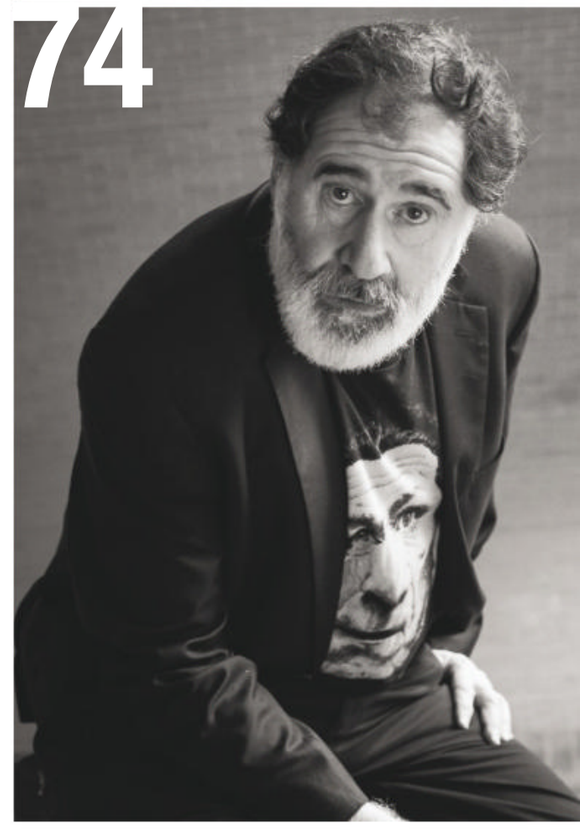

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Cover photo by Tammy Sands

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THE SYSTEM IS RIGGED, ALL RIGHT—FOR REPUBLICANS

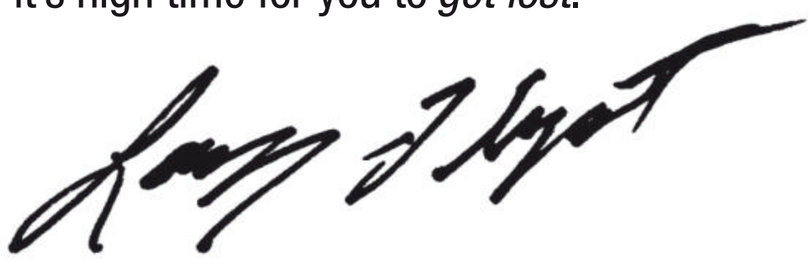
For years now, Donald Trump has been whining about how the system is rigged against him—despite winning the White House in 2016 while losing the popular vote. George W. Bush won in 2000, even though he also lost the popular vote. You would think that in a democracy the majority of voters would elect a President. But that's not how it has worked in the last 20 years.

The truth is, our political system is more rigged against Democrats than Republicans. With a population of approximately 580,000 people, deep-red Wyoming gets two U.S. senators—always Republicans—while California, with almost 40 million citizens, also gets only two senators. It's the same story with all these Western and Midwestern red states, from Idaho to Oklahoma—they get a hugely disproportionate say in the Senate and the Electoral College.

You might think that the House is more equitable, but with the extreme gerrymandering that Republicans have engineered over the last 20 years, it too is heavily skewed against Democrats. And Republican governors like Ron DeSantis and Brian Kemp have become the grandmasters of voter disenfranchisement, using every sleazy trick in the book to keep African-Americans, Latinos and other minorities who favor Democrats from voting. Democrats don't pull this outrageous shit against lily-white MAGA voters.

Even after more than 50 idiotic postelection lawsuits by Trump were either withdrawn or dismissed for lack of evidence—including being dismissed by Republican judges that Trump himself appointed and by a stacked Supreme Court—he continues wildly flinging legalistic mud, hoping something might stick. Unlike Al Gore and John Kerry, who conceded the elections in 2000 and 2004 despite a slew of questionable hijinks in Florida and Ohio, Trump still refuses to admit defeat and do the honorable thing—let the nation heal and get on with the business of governing.

It's time to stop your asinine bitching, Donald. Even with all of the cards stacked in your favor, you still lost. And all the judges across the land, liberal and conservative alike, have told you it's high time for you to *get lost*.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

DOC, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO BE NINETY. I FIGURED SOME JEALOUS HUSBAND WOULD HAVE KILLED ME BY NOW!

DOCTO

WINNERS

THE COUP KLUTZ CLAN AND ME

HOW TEAM TRUMP COOPTED YEARS OF MY REPORTING TO TRY TO STEAL THE ELECTION FROM JOE BIDEN.

Soon after the November 2020 Presidential election, traffic to my website, BradBlog.com, began spiking. As I tried to figure out the cause, I noticed that a number of my exclusive stories from 2010 were getting a *lot* of hits. I've long been known for my investigative reporting on our country's woeful electronic voting and tabulation systems. It was odd, nonetheless, that some of my pretty wonky, deep-dive reports on the arcane matter of voting machine companies' corporate ownership from more than a decade ago began attracting so many eyeballs.

Then, from deep within the bowels of the MAGA Mob fever swamp, musty murmurs began surfacing. According to Donald Trump's desperate minions, the election had been "stolen" for Joe Biden by an impossibly convoluted scheme. It was, Team Trump lawyer Rudy Giuliani charged, a "nationwide conspiracy" of fraudulent mailed-in ballots! Also, an international cabal flipped computerized vote totals with a mysterious algorithm! All carried out with millions of dollars from several communist countries! Or something.

The scheme was distilled as a dark, viscous liquid—"embalming fluid?" one wag quipped—in mid-November by attorney Sidney Powell at a now-infamous, batshit-crazy press conference. "The massive influence of communist money through Venezuela, Cuba and likely China," Powell insisted without evidence for her startling claim, was behind "interference with our elections." She blamed "the Dominion voting systems, the Smartmatic technology software, and the software that goes in other computerized voting systems…created in Venezuela at the direction of [its former President] Hugo Chávez to make sure he never lost an election," for secretly stealing millions of votes from Trump and shifting them to Biden instead.

It sounds crazy, but that's only because it is. As it turns out, you can blame me—at least in part—for helping to spawn the wild tale at the fetid core of the GOP's newfound obsession with the Canadian vendor Dominion Voting Systems and the multinational firm Smartmatic, founded by Venezuelans once linked to Chávez. Bastardizing my 2010 reports, Team Trump zeroed in on an important, but little noticed *Brad Blog* scoop. It linked Dominion to Smartmatic through the sale of the now-defunct Sequoia Voting Systems, which Smartmatic owned for two years.

My exclusives were based on whistleblower tips and verified by court documents regarding intellectual property rights secretly owned by Smartmatic in Sequoia's voting machines; an attempted hostile takeover of Sequoia by yet another voting machine company; and Dominion's eventual purchase of Sequoia. All of this was cribbed and distorted by Powell and her Coup Klutz Clan as grounds to nullify legally cast votes of the American people.

The MAGA misfits' reimagining of my accurate reporting was clumsy, but its attempt to mislead voters was no accident. This dive down the conspiracy rabbit hole required demonizing Dominion as a puppet of its competitor Smartmatic, even though that company has no involvement in swing-state elections. Smartmatic has just one U.S. contract, supplying a voting system for Los Angeles County's 2020 elections. Of course, it's easier to scare people with a former dictator than a bunch of sweater-wearing Canadians. At one point Giuliani's "legal case" included an alleged witness who had met Chávez two years ago regarding all of this. It must have been gruesome: Chávez died in 2013.

As the pretend 2020 Venezuela Connection grew legs, it spawned the right-wing social media's "breaking news" about a small-plane crash that killed one of Smartmatic's founders. That brought tons of traffic to *The Brad Blog*'s "breaking report" from the night of the suspicious crash—in *2008*. Few in the MAGA Keyboard Detective Squad noticed the article's date before spewing the link to throngs of newly minted "election integrity" advocates.

Ironically, many of these same Republicans spent years decrying my reporting as "conspiracy theory" and "sore loserism," dating back to at least 2004. That year I reported on my concerns after the president of the Ohio-based Diebold Election Systems Inc. (subsequently purchased by Dominion!) sent fund-raising emails to George W. Bush donors promising to help "Ohio deliver its electoral votes" as the 43rd President sought a second term.

For the record, I stand by everything I've reported then and now. The stories, pilfered and perverted by Trumpers, did not prove election fraud. Just because elections *can* be stolen by computer tabulators or algorithms embedded in their code does not mean it happened in 2020.

Just before he was fired for contradicting Trump's evidence-free claims that the election was "rigged," the federal government's top cybersecurity expert, Chris Krebs, described the 2020 election as "the most secure in American history." Don't believe that either.

Krebs headed the Cybersecurity and Infrastructure Security Agency (CISA), which was created following suspected Russian interference in the 2016 Presidential contest. Krebs and CISA may not have uncovered foreign manipulation of our nation's voting systems, but that doesn't mean it didn't occur. Nor does it mean that *domestic* insiders didn't interfere in some way, or that programming errors didn't affect the tallies.

That's the problem. When we allow private corporate vendors to take over our *public* election systems with proprietary computer hardware and software that cannot be overseen by *the public*, we can never know who really won or lost. Even with a 100% secure election, these shortcomings present a threat to confidence in our Constitutionally representative democracy.

There is every reason to be concerned about computerized voting and tabulation. As I've reported for years, even while being endlessly mocked by the Right, computerized election systems are antithetical to American democracy and should be replaced by hand-marked and publicly *hand-counted* paper ballots. *The Brad Blog* and HUSTLER have detailed the reasons for nearly 20 years with accurate, independently verifiable evidence. There is no reason to falsify that evidence to make a phony case...unless you happen to be a one-term losing President hoping to scam the American people after they've decisively kicked your ass out of the White House. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

"Now that you're not President anymore, we want to ask you some questions about a guy who was shot on Fifth Avenue four years ago."

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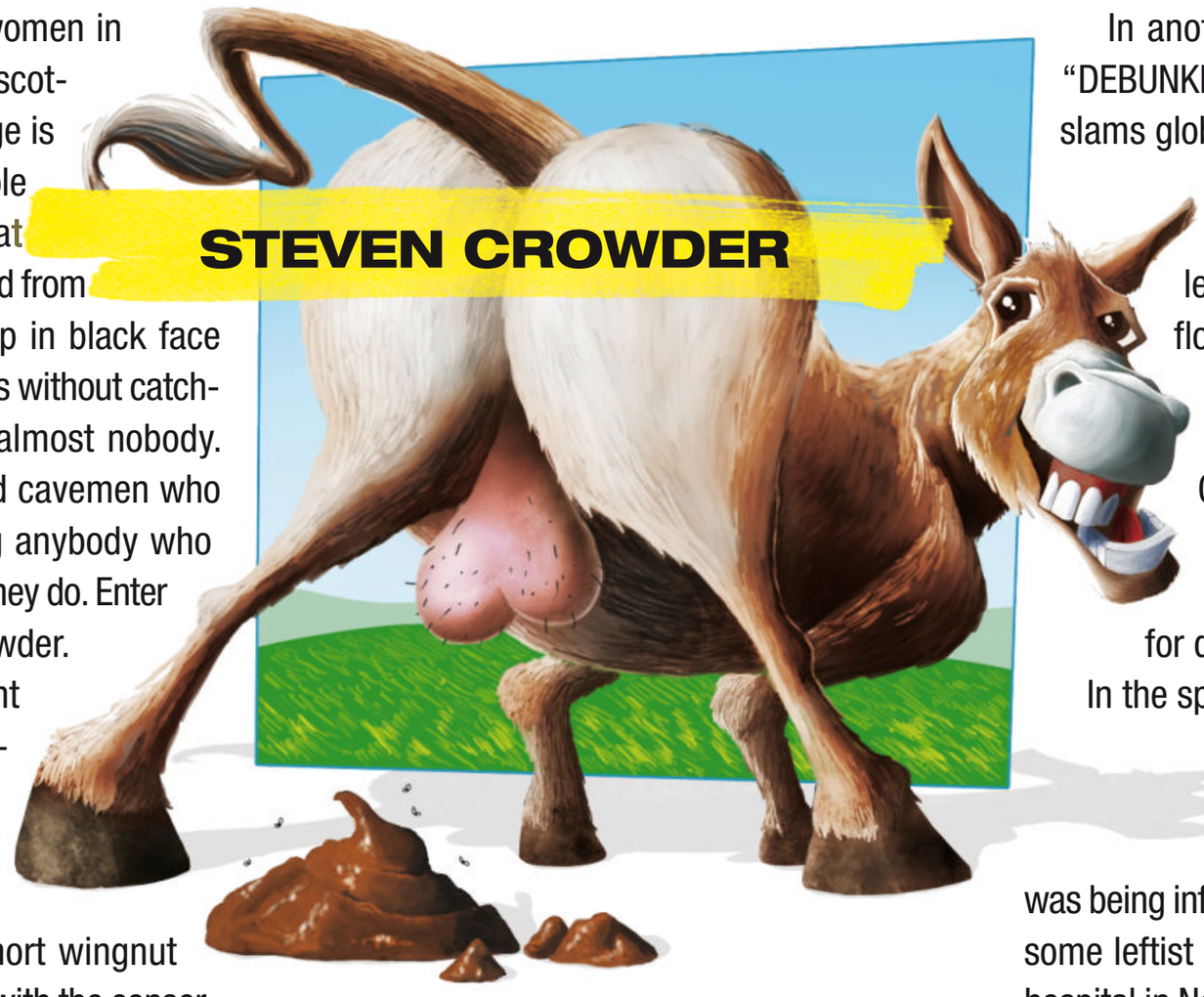
STEVEN CROWDER



As we enter the third decade of the 21st century, we can celebrate a lot of progress over bad old habits of the past: It wasn't so long ago that men were free to sexually harass women in the workplace and get away with it scot-free (Harvey Weinstein). Gay marriage is now widely acceptable, and the whole LGBTQ movement has made great strides. The N-word has been banished from public discourse, nobody dresses up in black face anymore, and nobody tells racist jokes without catching a shitload of flak for it…well, almost nobody. There are still a few odious die-hard cavemen who can't help insulting and demeaning anybody who doesn't act, look and live exactly like they do. Enter conservative loudmouth Steven Crowder.

Born in the U.S., Crowder spent years three to 18 growing up in a suburb of Montreal, where the famous Canadian politeness did not rub off on him one iota. He started off as a shock-jock "comedian," making short wingnut videos on YouTube. After teaming up with the conservative website PJ Media, his videos caught the eye of Fox News, and they offered him a contributor contract. From 2009 to 2013, the new conservative Boy Wonder appeared regularly on Sean Hannity's and Neil Cavuto's shows. In 2012, Crowder posted a doctored video showing him being punched in the face by a union member during a Right to Work rally in Michigan. The clip made its rounds on conservative media until it was proven that Crowder shoved the activist first. Soon the network grew bored with his stupid schtick and began cutting his airtime. That really pissed Crowder off, so he shot off his loud mouth again, dissing Fox and Hannity in an interview with Ed Morrissey: "I am consistently amazed at Sean Hannity's inability to host his own show. These liberals who aren't very smart just come in and absolutely bulldoze him like a child."

Hannity getting bulldozed by liberals? On what universe, Crowder? With lead bully boy Bill O'Reilly long out of the picture, Hannity has the bull ring all to himself, constantly interrupting and shouting down any guest who starts making a point contrary to Fox News propaganda. Well, you don't piss off the network's franchise star without consequences; Fox fired Crowder after his idiotic tirade.

Now Crowder hosts his antics on his own podcast and YouTube channel *Louder with Crowder*, with over 5 million subscribers. The title about sums it up: all volume and noise, no comedy or insight. But a good segment of the MAGA crowd loves the nonstop snark and ridicule of "libtards." Typical are Crowder's insults against Carlos Maza, a gay Latino journalist: he's a "lispy angry sprite," "lispy queer," "gay Mexican," "anchor baby" and, "You're given a free pass as a crappy writer because you're gay." Being a gay minority is a cardinal sin in Crowder's lily-white Christian world. He calls Pete Buttigieg "Pete Butt Gig," and sold a T-shirt on his channel that reads "Socialism Is For F*gs."

And then there's his treatment of Asians: Crowder did one show wearing a Chinese straw wok hat, bottle-thick round eyeglasses and false buck teeth as he grabbed a blonde-haired doll and crammed her head into a tub of water, symbolically drowning her—a stereotype straight from the worst racist caricatures of World War II. He basically confessed his real attitude with this quote: "But what would I know? I'm just a racist. A racist with an immigrant mom. But she came here legally. So I guess she's racist too."

Finally, like Fox, YouTube grew fed up with his gutter act and demonetized his channel, instantly wiping out a major source of his ad revenue. Inspired in part by Crowder's racist clown act, YouTube introduced new rules against overt harassment and threats based on race and sexual orientation, but allowed exceptions for "scripted satire, stand-up comedy or music." That's been Crowder's excuse ever since he got back into YouTube's good graces in August 2020—it's all just fun and games! Only nothing Crowder does is really funny or original at all. Without the boogeyman of ridiculously stereotyped liberals to attack, he wouldn't have a show. Once he even dressed up like George Carlin—one of the greatest comedians of all time—and repeated Carlin's "Seven Dirty Words You Can Never Say on Television" monologue almost verbatim—straight plagiarism with nothing unique added. Yeah, you're a real original genius, Stevie Wonder Boy!

Like most right-wing trolls, Crowder has zero empathy for any human being outside of his own self-centered, self-righteous, tight-assed circumstances. He once visited Gitmo to record the video *The REAL GUANTANAMO BAY!!*, portraying it as a luxurious Club Med for detainees, despite Amnesty International condemning it for practicing virtual torture (forced feeding). We'd like to deep-six this flaming Asshole in a cage for five years with no trial and see how well he enjoys the Gitmo paradise.

In another episode of *Louder with Crowder*, "DEBUNKED: Top 5 'Climate Change' Myths," he slams global warming as a farce without arguing any of the science, namely that climate change will result in higher sea levels; stronger hurricanes, droughts and floods; coastal erosion; and acidification of the ocean—all not "catastrophic" according to this ignoramus. Yes, Crowder the chowder head knows more about climate science than thousands of expert scientists who have studied it for decades!

In the spring of 2020, when the COVID-19 pandemic was spreading alarmingly all over the country, Crowder actually claimed that the death toll was being inflated: "Do you not think for a second that some leftist activist who also happens to work in a hospital in New York is not going to take every single opportunity possible to try and label this a COVID-19 death, if they are not required to actually show any proof of a positive test?" More paranoid, ass-backward hog dung. In fact, the medical experts, including Dr. Anthony Fauci and Dr. Deborah Birx, have all stated the exact opposite: that because many people died of COVID-19 without being tested, the death toll was probably *under*counted, not overcounted.

Last October, Crowder hosted an anti-Gretchen Whitmer protest at the Michigan state house—about the same time that 13 militia yahoos were arrested for planning to kidnap Michigan's governor over the lockdowns she implemented to stem the pandemic. It's no great stretch to posit that his blatherings might have served as inspiration.

Like many other MAGA troopers, Crowder believes that evil Democrats stole the Presidential election for Joe Biden. It is inconceivable to this dimwit that a man as thoroughly as obnoxious as himself, Donald Trump, could have mishandled the COVID pandemic, alienated the vast majority of American voters and lost on his own.

Crowder makes a big fucking deal about his supposed devotion to celibacy until he married in his mid-twenties. The couple were totally chaste until the honeymoon, he claims, just like it says to do in the Holy Bible. Herein lies a clue to the man: It's no secret that getting laid now and then makes anyone less of an irritable Asshole. But it appears that Crowder had blue balls for so long that his assholery is now permanent. "Yes, I am a pro-life, Christian conservative and an absurdly imperfect hypocrite," says Stevie. "So goes the journey of life. Back to wiener jokes." Actually, wiener jokes would be a tasteful improvement over the stupid political schlock this bozo churns out like a broken sewage pipe. H

What the hell are you doing?

The fact that you don't know what I'm doing is exactly why I'm doing it.

SURVEY SAYS...

Like most of us, student Niall Moran from Cornwall in the U.K. had completed his share of surveys, but it's doubtful any were as surprising as the one he received from a casual hookup who asked him to rate his experience.

"Thanks for the shag, now rate the experience. Thank you," began the quiz, which Moran captured in screenshots and posted to social media. Options ranged from 1 ("ew what was I thinking?") all the way to 10 ("wow wow wow").

More blunt bombshells followed. "What is Lily's best feature (it's okay to objectify me here by the way)" and "How would you rate the sex?" are hardly subtle inquiries. But was Lily simply trying to perfect her game in the most efficient manner possible? If so, perhaps she was on to something. So here, for the first time ever, is the Official Unabridged HUSTLER Exit Survey for Transient Sex Partners: Gender-Nonspecific Edition:

1. Did my apartment smell weird in any way? Y/N (optional space to leave comments).
2. On a scale of 1 to 10, how tolerable is my sex face? 1=serial killer ODing on Molly, 10=staring into the face of God.
3. When I wore socks to bed, you thought…a) this is totally normal, b) what are you hiding? or c) I am comforted to know we both live with foot fungus.
4. Complete this sentence: "I was very [BLANK] when you suggested we introduce a strap-on into our foreplay."
5. Was "keep going" a bad safe word? Y/N
6. True or false? The sight of me naked does *not* repulse you.
7. How many posts can I like per day before you block me on all your platforms? a) 1, b) 2, c) 3 or d) "If I catch you liking a photo from three years ago, I will set your bed on fire while you are sleeping."
8. If university admissions were decided by proficiency in oral sex, where would I be accepted? a) Hollywood Upstairs Medical College, b) Arizona State, c) Brown or d) MIT, full scholarship.

IN THE FLESH

Do vegans really have better, more ferocious sex than their carnivore counterparts? If you were looking for a serious scientific breakdown of this oddly specific question, keep walking, buddy.

Dating website IllicitEncounters.com recently quizzed its users to decide who fucks more often and better: plant eaters or those of us who enjoy a bit of cheese with their steak. Their survey of 500 vegans and 500 meat eaters found that 84% of vegans said they were satisfied with their sex lives, compared to only 59% of meat eaters. Now, it can be argued that excessive animal protein can be a strain on the digestive system, leaving one too tired for sex. But we call bullshit on their simplistic analysis that "Vegans are masters of seduction," who "eat foods known for their aphrodisiac qualities," according to site spokesperson Jessica Leoni.

In need of some levelheaded insight, we turned to sex coach Leigh Montavon for a dose of common sense. Behold: "The number-one rule of statistics is that correlation does not equal causation! Do I think that being vegan makes you a better lover? Of course not—and I promise I'm not just saying this because I'm a meat eater. But in the interest of wild speculation, there are a few reasons vegans might report that they're having more sex: Younger people often have more sex than older people, and younger people are more likely to be vegan. Folks who live in larger, more progressive cities might be more comfortable talking about sex or are more sexually adventurous, while veganism is more accepted and accessible to folks in larger cities. There's a stereotype that vegans 'taste better,' but I think that has less to do with the food you eat and more to do with your hydration. Whether your burgers come from cows or lentils, if you want to keep your stuff from tasting bitter, drink lots of water!"

Follow Sex Coach Leigh on Twitter and Instagram @SexCoachLeigh. Website: SexCoachLeigh.com

"If God did not intend for us to eat animals, then why did he make them out of meat?" —JOHN CLEESE, COMEDIAN

LOVE LEXICON

Like it or lump it, language is always evolving—how else would a term like *Scooby Snack* have found its way into the venerated *Oxford English Dictionary*? There's no doubt 2020 had a huge impact on how we articulate life in extraordinary times; case in point, *pretty pistachio* is now a euphemism for clit.

Australia's own *Body + Soul* (BodyandSoul.com.au) recently brought us their expanded sex vocabulary for 2020, and we found the entries sorely lacking in a year when *glory holes* entered the public health lexicon. To be fair, *doppelbanger* is a great way to describe hooking up with someone who bears a striking resemblance to a celebrity, while *postboned* aptly conveys tardiness as a result of sex. But you can keep *playing the flute* (sorry, not new) and *toygasm* (self-explanatory).

Never to be outdone, we present HUSTLER's own Sex Lexicon for 2020: The Pandemic Edition. Because words matter.

Bubble buddies: like fuck buddies, but with the added caveat that you both took the extra measure of quarantining together and aren't hooking up with anyone else, thus ensuring safe, contagion-free sex.

Mouth congress: The name of an obscure Canadian punk band, but also a way to describe getting head at a glory hole.

Plexi-blast: There are still unanswered questions about sex, sperm and the risk of COVID infection. Here, in lieu of a facial, you spray jizz onto a sheet of plexiglass that your partner holds up in front of their face. For that authentic pandemic cosplay experience, try a visor-style face shield (sharp shooters only).

Breadstration: You're self-isolating at home and go insane from a lack of sex, which then manifests as an obsession baking bread.

Gorilla dick: Not as flattering as you might think. This is the phenomenon of guys "gorilla gripping" their dicks five times a day in lockdown—to the point where their beleaguered wangs resemble Sylvester Stallone's face in the final round of *Rocky IV*. Stop the fight!

LOSE THE RUDE ATTITUDE

"War is what happens when language fails." —MARGARET ATWOOD, AUTHOR

PHOTO BY IAKOV FILIMONOV/ALAMY

Riddle me this: What kind of psychopath callously decimates their lover's feelings in the tender moments following climax? It doesn't matter if the sex wasn't great or if the other person smells weirdly of soup; we should all be allowed to survive a sexual encounter with a shred of dignity.

Cue the monsters quoted last December in the *Daily Mail*, via sexpert Tracey Cox (love her already). "You look kind of weird down there" is heinous, but nothing beats this deft, backhanded compliment: "I'm glad you're not as big as my ex." Gee, thanks.

Surely this kind of sadism isn't commonplace? People really don't do each other like this on the regular, do they? Look, we're as crushed as you are, as were most of the people we polled. Apologies to all for dredging up painful memories. May your enemies be vanquished.

Shoshanna Wexler, Brooklyn, theater company manager: "'You just kind of lied there, eh?' From a poet-rapper-performer. TBH I was very young, and he was a fringe artist…"

Felipe Villalobos, New Orleans, marketing: "'You remind me of my brother.' Like, right after we had done it. She seemed completely unfazed, but in that moment I was super uncomfortable."

John Blaylock, HUSTLER feature writer: "'You have a really small chest.' I don't have pecs to speak of; the printer ran out of toner when it got to my chest. She also had her diamond engagement ring made into a tongue stud and refused to give me head because she said the diamond would cut my dick. So, yeah. That."

Amy Monroe, Canada, model: "People really say mean things to each other after sex?! Why would they even do that? Sex is *great!*" (IG: @InkedHumanMermaid)

STOP LIVING IN DENIAL

Look, we've been here before…too many times. But apparently it bears repeating ad infinitum, so here it is once more for the folks up in the rafters: If a politician/decision-maker/policy wonk is fervently anti-gay, we have to question the source of this baseless hatred. Or dare we say, self-hatred?

In December we learned about Jozsef Szajer, a charming MEP (Member of the European Parliament) from Hungary who, in the words of the BBC, is "openly hostile" to the idea of LGBTQ rights. So imagine how, to absolutely no one's surprise, he was caught leaving what Belgian media allege was a gay sex party in Brussels. And by "leaving," we mean *literally* scurrying down a drain pipe.

It's just the latest in a never-ending parade of homophobes whose own denial has made life significantly worse for others. Welcome to HUSTLER'S Hypocrite Hit List:

• Former Oklahoma state senator Ralph Shortey got into office with a "traditional family values" campaign. He volunteered regularly at the YMCA and, of course, was caught with his pants down. Shortey was sentenced to 15 years in 2017 for soliciting prostitution from a 17-year-old male minor.

• In 2012 former British Cardinal Keith O'Brien was named Bigot of the Year by LGBTQ charity Stonewall for his particularly cruel brand of homophobia. For decades he was a vocal opponent of gay adoption and marriage. In 2013 four priests came forward and accused O'Brien of abuses, also spanning decades. He was forced out of the church that February by Pope Francis. But apart from being denied his promised retirement cottage, O'Brien's actions went relatively unpunished.

• McKrae "Pray Away the Gay" Game was the leader of Hope for Wholeness, a Southern Baptist-based conversion therapy program. He used his voice to oppress and control LGBTQ people for more than two decades. Game finally came out as gay in June 2019 and is now working to make amends for the damage he has done.

• Canadian psychiatrist Melvyn Iscove practiced conversion therapy despite a ban on such practices in Ontario. He allegedly abused two patients in his office, having sex with them to cure their gayness. Iscove lost his license but faced no criminal charges, though a panel did find that he was a sexual predator. Some Canadians, it seems, are assholes after all.

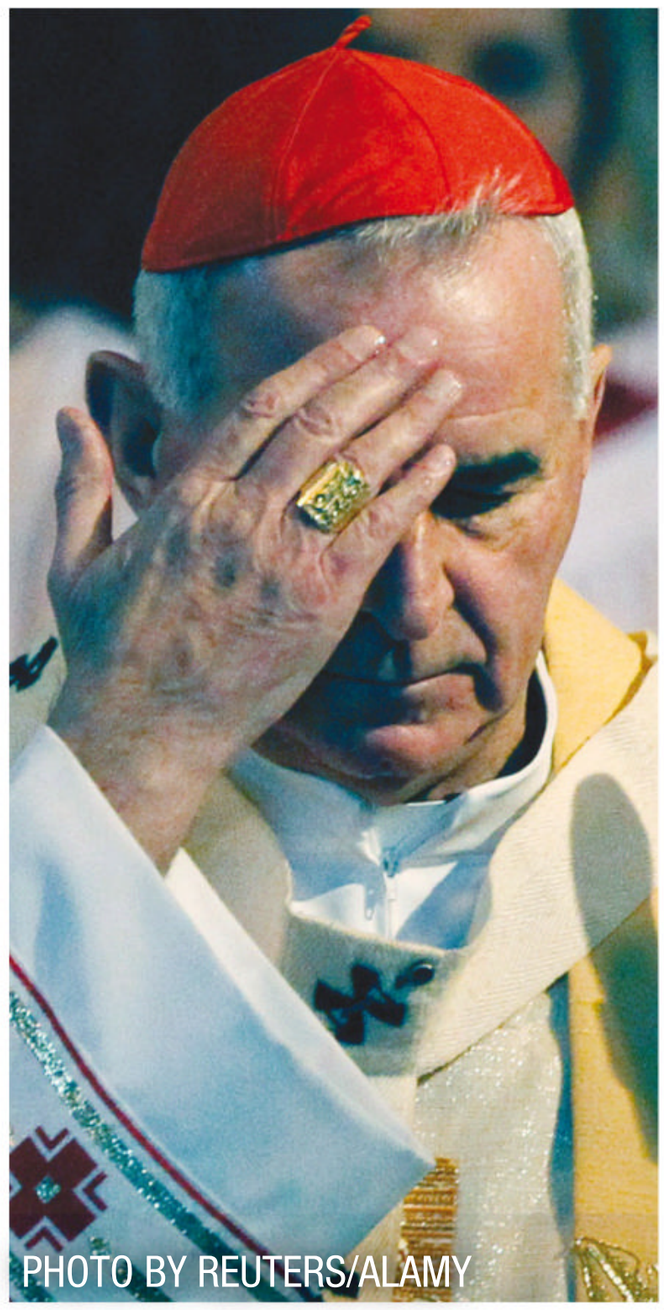


PHOTO BY REUTERS/ALAMY

SELF-CARE AFFAIRS

News flash: Ashley Madison is in the business of cheating. And if clients believe cheating is good for them, then your business is laughing all the way to the bank.

We take you now to a *Cosmopolitan* article where the world-famous adultery hookup site is touting a user survey that suggests nonmonogamy may objectively be good for us in the age of COVID. According to the data, 84% of those surveyed claim that infidelity is an important source of self-care during the pandemic. Additionally, 66% of respondents say their affairs have "improved their overall mood." For example, Nikki, 30, knows what works for her and makes no apologies. "Sex is synonymous with self-care, and I am not sexually fulfilled by my partner."

It's not inconceivable that emotional and sexual fulfilment—especially outside of an unsatisfying relationship—could make us feel happier and more alive, but is it really self-care?

Jessie Sage is a sex worker, writer and the managing editor of Peepshow Media. She knows a thing or three about sex and relationships, so heed her call for caution before doing anything rash in the name of health and happiness: "While I don't think that cheating is a form of self-care—and personally strive for honesty and transparency in my marriage—I also know, from working as a sex worker for years, that there are many sexual and emotional needs that cannot be met in a monogamous relationship. One person cannot be expected to meet all of your needs. Often, the safer option than an affair is going to sex workers who will respect your marriage, your needs and have bounded interactions with you that will be less disruptive to your life and the boundaries of your marriage."

Sage words from a sage lady. Think before you leap, and remember, a professional won't break in and boil the family rabbit. So if you're going to self-care, self-care safely.

Twitter: @Sapiotextual, PeepshowMedia.com

"Rudeness is a weak imitation of strength." —ERIC HOFFER, PHILOSOPHER

ADVANCED SEXERCISE

Let's get down to brass tacks: What can doggy-style fucking do for my golf swing? Apparently different physical positions yield different physical benefits. Hats off then to WomanandHome.com, who give us a road map of sorts to using sex positions based on their individual therapeutic properties. Three categories merit special attention.

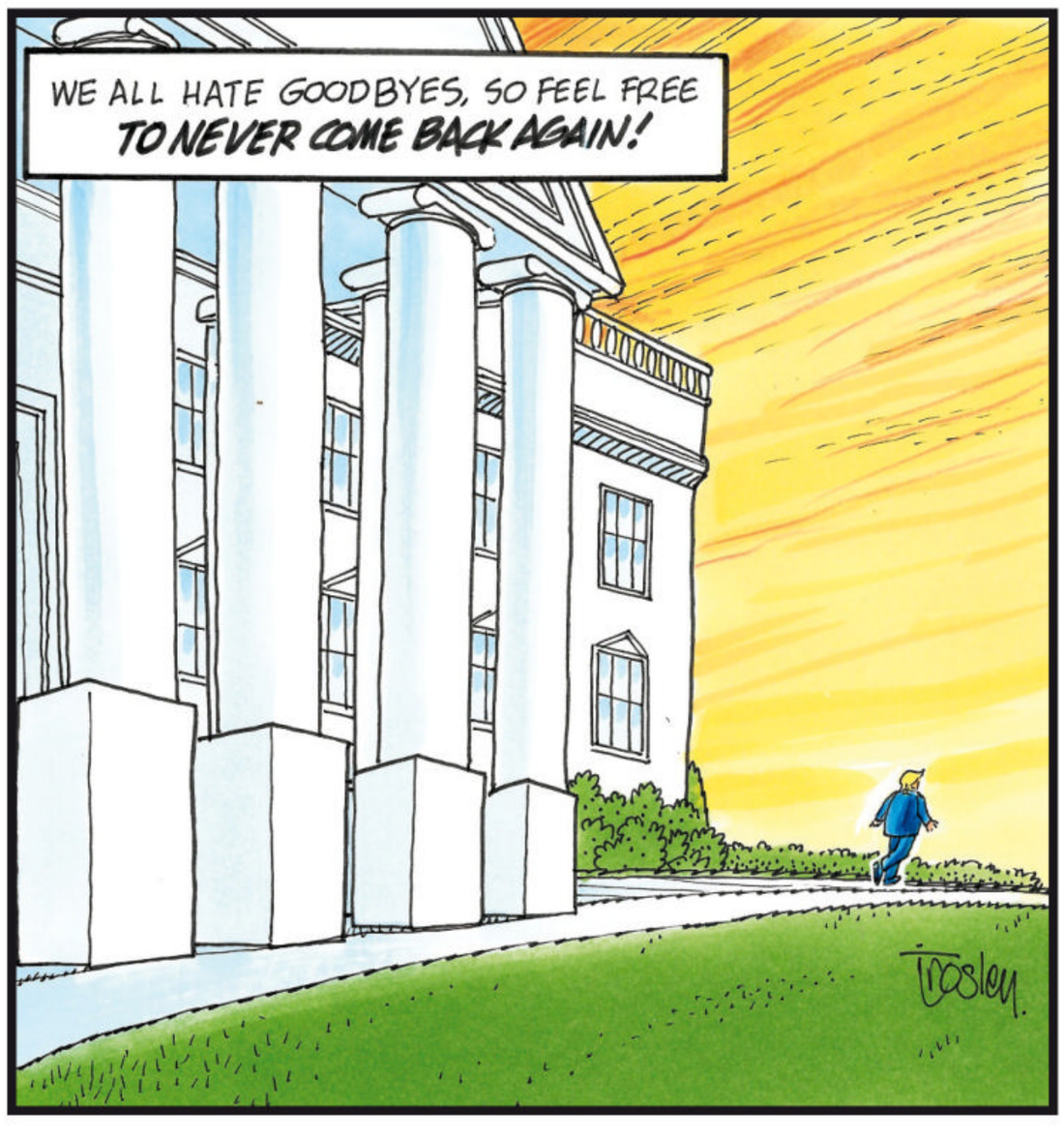
Best positions for toning up: The aforementioned doggy position is great for the "receiver." Instead of resting on your elbows or shoulders, plant your palms and hold yourself in a pushup position. Excellent for your core. A slightly more advanced move is standing sex—great for her; great for him; great for them. You're either suspending someone full weight using your core, back, shoulder and leg muscles, or you're suspending your full weight with your arms while thrusting your pelvis and working those all-important back muscles. For a less intense core workout, try one person lying on a yoga ball while the other stands and penetrates from behind. Close the windows and jack up your thermostat for the hot yoga experience.

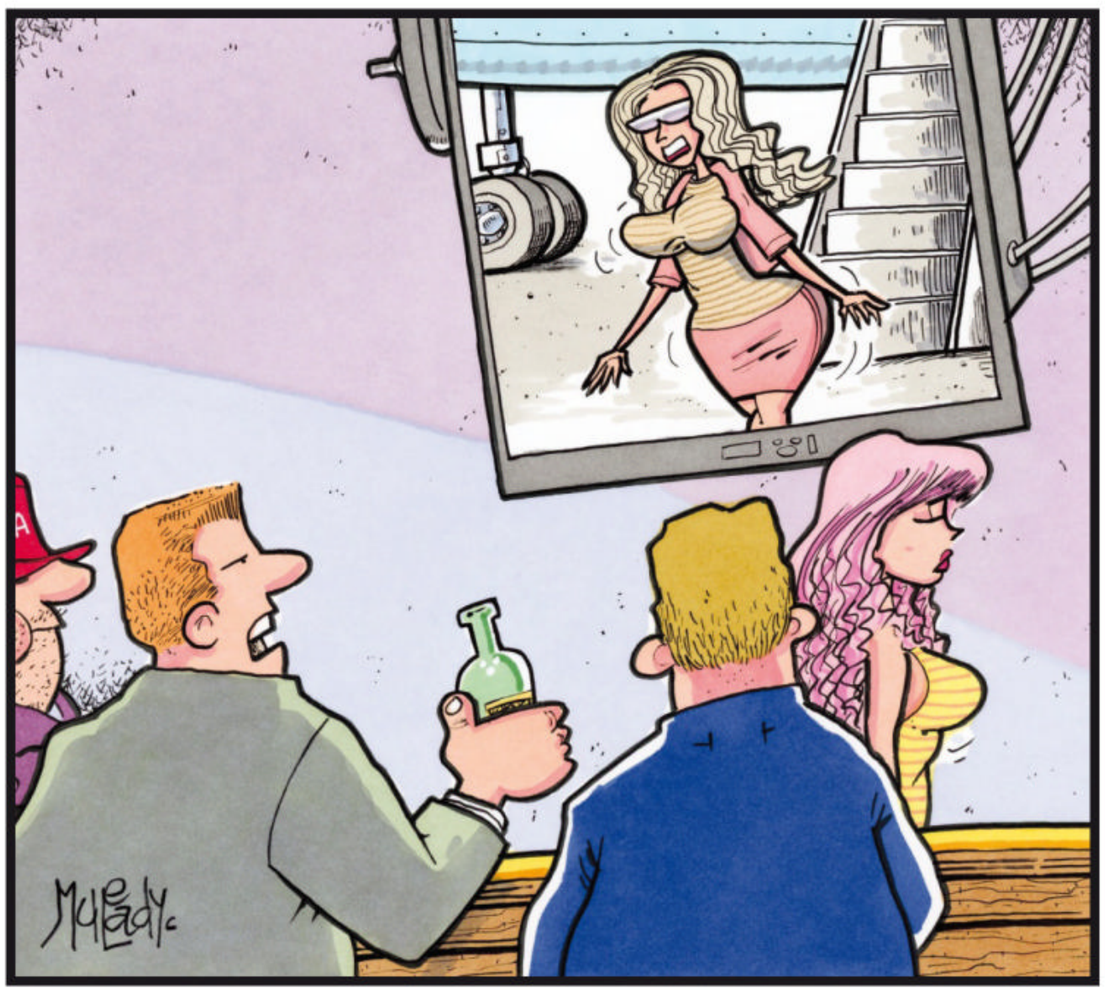
Best sex positions if she is pregnant: Spooning is nice and all, but consider the reverse cowgirl. Yes, it seems daunting, but if she's already feeling unsure, then up top is the place to be. Sitting on top and facing away, she not only controls depth and intensity, but can also lean back for added support. Extra kink points if you set up a mirror and watch yourselves.

Best sex positions for a better orgasm: The Eagle is him on top and her on her back, with her legs pushed back toward her shoulders as far as is comfortable. Thrusts should be fairly spirited, and it's suggested she play with her clit while he lays pipe. Instant fireworks. Alternately, you'd be amazed by how sensory deprivation can elevate routine sex: blindfolds, gags and restraints, used safely and consensually, are your ticket to Pleasuretown. But if these moves seem a bit too pedestrian for a hustler such as yourself, then consider the following advanced maneuver.

Advanced wheelbarrow: standard wheelbarrow sex—one person penetrating, holding up the other person's legs as they face down, hands planted in the pushup position. The "advanced" part entails a bedroom obstacle course similar to the agility challenge at Westminster (*woof!*).

"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy."—STEVE MARTIN, COMEDIAN





"Fuck Trump leaving the White House. I'm gonna miss Melania's tits and ass bouncing all over the place!"

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EMMA HIX

FIERY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTOINS

I'm a tomboy. I like wearing sweatpants and sweaters, and I'd take a cold beer over a margarita any day. But that could be less about being a tomboy and more about being a Canadian. I live in Los Angeles now, but I miss Canada. If I could have a superpower, I'd want to teleport so that I could go home in the blink of an eye.

"I'm a Scorpio, and my sign is known to have a fiery temper and be very sexual. I definitely fit those descriptions! I'm attracted to men and women, but I prefer men. I like testosterone. Give me a dominant guy. But that doesn't mean I like macho dudes. I actually prefer nerdy dorks, who are funny and like to game. I'm really good at Call of Duty, and I'd like to find someone who enjoys gaming too. When it comes to girls, my celeb crush is Lady Gaga. I'd love to fool around with her. She's so hot!"

EMMA'S VITAL FACTS

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"Sex isn't hard to come by. Got a hundred dollars?"

What happens when role-play intersects with our most primal desires? Welcome to the wild and wonderful world of pet play, where naughty kittens, pups and even the occasional dragon can frolic freely without judgment or shame. And so can you.

PET PLAY

UNLEASH YOUR INNER BEAST

BY JOHN BLAYLOCK

Last October, online WalMart shoppers in search of a Halloween costume were briefly privy to a very special product. Upon first glance, it seemed like a traditional lucha libre wrestling mask, but with distinctly…canine features?

The product vanished soon after it was reported, but the snafu did not go unnoticed. And so Middle America was treated to an impromptu crash course in fetish role-play—the masks were, in fact, intended for pet play.

Specifically they were pup masks, a popular permutation of a kink where people behave like pets, dress up like pets and, in some cases, make a nice living doing so. There are no rules per se. Some pets have handlers; some don't. Some people dress the part; others are more about the headspace. But what most pet players have in common is the interplay of submission and domination as experienced through animal personas.

Pet play, at its core, is a reverse-anthropomorphic form of role-play that is expressed through power dynamics and fantasy; BDSM with a dash of make-believe and plenty of belly rubs.

You may think it sounds silly, and you may be right, but guess what: It's *okay* to be silly. It's okay to want to be a pup or a kitten, a fox or a pony. It's okay to want to curl up at your handler's feet, content and safe in a warm and happy headspace of your own design. And if being a sexy dalmatian makes you feel like your best you, then wear your spots with pride, little pup.

Just don't dismiss it as childish or facile. Where we go inside our heads is infinitely nuanced and deeply personal. Role-play can be a powerful tool for discovering and articulating one's own identity. When we inhabit other identities, furry or otherwise, we are allowing ourselves to be the thing we want to be…or perhaps it's the thing we shouldn't be, but want to be for one night. Just be ready to spend it in your crate, you naughty little minx.

Much like the mighty animal kingdom, pet play is diverse. Join us on a guided safari, where educators, professional handlers and a bevy of beautiful cubs (two pups and one kitten) discuss this primal and often playful pastime. **>>**

PHOTO BY PROVACATEUR IMAGES

DAWN WILLOW, COLORADO

Model/performer/content creator
Twitter: @DawnWillow_

No one loves dalmatians more than Dawn Willow. The longtime pet player delights in dressing the part while incorporating all manner of accessories, from the tip of her spotted ears to the butt plug tail she flaunts so well. Treat this prized pup like the princess she is, and you will have a friend for life.

HUSTLER: You've been camming for years. At what point did you discover pet play?

DAWN WILLOW: I discovered pet play in 2012, after my first year on cam. I saw other models using tail plugs and bought my first one soon after. I felt this immediate affinity toward the whole idea. I fell in love with it, and it just felt natural to me.

Everyone's version of pet play is different. What defines the experience for you?

For me, part of the fun is the costume. I love shopping and seeing all the new devices and themed toys. The community is a big part of it too, as I've made dozens of friends through pup play. There are tons of online groups that share their lives, create events and come up with new, original ideas. It's comforting, borderline therapeutic, to leave the world and let go, mentally, while being groomed and praised.

You've dabbled as a kitten and a pony, but I understand there is one dog breed that you absolutely love beyond compare.

Dalmatians have me seeing spots, and I love it. The familiar dotted pattern makes me so happy. I've read up on the breed—they can be difficult to train, but it's a rewarding experience when you finally do. Seems fitting for a girl like me.

Masks, muzzles, leashes, collars, toys—take us on a tour of your puppy closet!

I own six canine-themed dildos, three gags shaped like various dog toys—rawhide chew bone, etc.—and three masks, one of which was commissioned with a custom paint job: my spots! I also have several different sets of ears and bondage harnesses that I mix and match between pony and puppy play. My favorite by far is my ever-growing collection of tail plugs. The soft fur tickling against my skin feels amazing.

Do you have a handler? Do pets need handlers?

At this time I do, and I've introduced him to many new experiences. He had never seen half the things I casually discuss with regards to camming and is always eager to learn. But a pet does not always need a master. In fact, you should learn to be comfortable on your own before exploring any form of BDSM with a partner. Some pets are totally happy and content flying solo—a lone wolf, so to speak.

Are all pets inherently submissive?

Seeing as I'm definitely not totally submissive, no. You can be a top, a bottom or even a switch, like myself. I like a bit of push-and-pull in my relationship; I'm not always well behaved; otherwise, things would quickly get boring. Sometimes there is no master in the relationship, and it's two pets.

Craziest fan request?

I did a cowgirl—hucow/human cow—video with three different horse toys. It was messy, with heavy usage of Cumlube, but great!

What does puppy Dawn love? Tummy rubs, tug-of-war, discipline?

Being pampered like a show dog. I love being pet, being spoken to affectionately, going for walks without the need for casual conversation to fill the silence and even playing chase with a ball. I would like to one day go to a puppy play meet-and-romp with other pups.

PHOTO BY SHIRLEY LARA

JENNA THE PUPPY, TEXAS

Model/performer/content creator
Twitter: @PuppyGirlJenna
Web: PuppyGirlJenna.com

Google "Jenna the Puppy," and you will drown in news results. Her OnlyFans pet play activity caught the attention of U.K. media last year, resulting in a slew of articles about the girl from Texas who loves to play fetch and eat scraps under the table (bad girl!). Now her life's passion is her life's work. Here Jenna shares the highs and highs of being a superstar pet player with thousands of adoring fans.

PHOTO COURTESY JENNA THE PUPPY

HUSTLER: How did you find this fetish? Were you always a puppy?
PUPPYGIRLJENNA: Since I was a little girl, I have acted like a puppy, crawling around on all fours with my dog. My mother would throw balls for us, [and I would beg her] to walk me on a leash. My family thought it was just me being a goofy kid. They even joked about it, taking bets on what age I would finally let the "dog thing" go. But as you know, that never happened.

I did not know that puppy play existed until I was much older. I met those wonderful play pups…and am forever grateful. I used to fear the criticism. When I [uploaded] that silly TikTok, I was not expecting the response that followed, the overwhelming amount of support.

What is it about puppies and being a puppy that feels so right to you?
Being a puppy has been my personality [for as long as] I can remember. I am a very submissive person; this involves being taken care of, getting lots of love and attention, being loyal and, importantly, being owned. I love being by my owners' side all day, going for walks with them and of course getting treats. I did not choose to be a pup. It is truly who I am. I live the life 24/7.

What about pet play in public? How do people react when they see you?
There are levels to my play. If I am out alone, I get a lot of nice comments about my collar. Women think it is cute, and guys joke that they are going to call my owner to report a lost dog. When I am out with my partner, I feel most comfortable when I am on my leash, but I am not always on all fours. Most people might look a little confused or point me out to their girlfriends, but nothing negative. When I am in full puppy space, on the ground having fun, there have been lots and lots of wonderful people who said they think it's super funny and cute and only one woman who really had a problem with it. She was the manager of a restaurant, and was not too happy about me being fed scraps under the table.

What's a common custom video request?
I get tons of requests to pee outside or have an accident in the house. Those are so much fun to make!

Does a pet necessarily need a handler?
No, those are called uncollared pets.

What about costumes, fetish wear, apparel, toys? How important are these things to your version of pet play?
As a girl in a kink that was [pioneered] by the gay leather community, it can be hard for me to find gear that I feel comfortable in. Some other female pups use what is available and are happy in leather, but I do not feel my best pup self in a neoprene hood and large bulky paws. I am still looking for gear that makes me superexcited, like my collar does.

Were you shocked by the recent wave of international media attention? Is life any different now than before?
I was in absolute disbelief when I saw my videos go around the internet. I did not expect it at all, the attention from people who are interested in puppy play. I [live] a life that makes me really happy.

What advice would you have for someone wanting to explore pet play?
Meet up with other pups at munches in your local area. Social media is important—you can find a community for everything! Talk to your local pups and have a play date. Go slow and explore things at your own pace, and practice your barks in the mirror.

Is sex part of pet play for you?
For me, my play is fulfilling in and of itself, but as a person who likes to create and make content for people, I find the most enjoyable and rewarding is sexual in nature.

Starbucks offers free Puppuccinnos for dogs. Has your owner ever treated you?
Haha, yes, I get one every time I go. Even filmed me getting one for a TikTok video last month! >>

TOXIC TECHNO KITTEN, OHIO

Model/performer/content creator
Twitter: @ToxicTechnoNeko

Neon-soaked Toxic Techno is a cat lover's dream. Well, more like a fever dream, and the cat in question is a human hentai princess with feline features that make you feel things. Strange, soul-stirring things. As she celebrates ten years in adult entertainment, this fetching pussy and fetish model tells us why she doesn't need ears and a tail to feel sexy. She's all about those sub-space endorphins.

HUSTLER: Tell us a bit about your introduction to BDSM and the fetish lifestyle, as well as how you discovered sex work.

TOXIC TECHNO KITTEN: I lived in a small rural town in Ohio where everyone knew your business, and if you weren't normal, you were an outcast. I've always felt different and knew I wasn't like what everyone wanted me to be—in my town you either went to college or got married, and sex workers were horrible people. My husband is a dom; I became his submissive and then girlfriend. We've been together for 12 years now, married for nine.

He helped me embrace my dream of being a sex worker. He let me open up about what I wanted to do with my life and supported me when I said I wanted to be a stripper. After several years of dancing and modeling, I decided to break into videos and start selling my own work.

Was there a pivotal moment or experience where you were like, "Oh, yeah, I love being a kitten"?

I learned about pet play from a girl I met at the club, who I ended up dating. I spoke to Sir about trying kitten play, and we discussed what we could do. I remember the first time I wore cat ears, and he bought me food and water bowls. The second I drank from the water bowl, I felt so content and happy...I just giggled. That was the moment I knew I was a kitten.

Walk us through your favorite kitten apparel. How do you like to accessorize when you want to look the part?

I'm slightly OCD, so I always like having matching ears and tails that match my lingerie and thigh highs. I even wear them out in public, sometimes with my lingerie under my clothes.

What is pet play for you?

I believe pet play is part of BDSM, at least as a subcategory, even if it doesn't involve bondage or pain. Also, I'm not just a kitten, but a puppy and pony as well. When I'm a kitten, I am still a submissive, just more sexual. Switching into puppy or pony affects my submissive state and makes me more subservient when I enter those headspaces.

What do words like *neko* and *kawai* mean to you?

Kawai is a fashion I very much love. In fact, it's one of the reasons I want to visit Japan. *Neko* to me just means "cat," which is why the word *cat* means a lot to me. It's why I have the kanji for *neko* tattooed on me.

What about pet play and sex—do the two go hand in hand for you?

It seldom occurs. I have a lot of kinks, and entering that headspace is all I need. Also, not enough time (LOL). It happens and is definitely gratifying, but I will walk around in public with my cat ears, express myself with meows, nuzzle…all outside of sex.

Do you have specific feline fantasies, favorite activities?

I blend it all together. Sometimes I only use meows to communicate, especially if I want to be playful in or out of sex. I also purr when I want a particular type of attention from Sir. My favorite thing is head scratches when I'm being a good, submissive kitten, or just whenever Sir wants to.

What is it about this headspace that you love so much?

I have anxiety problems, and entering the headspace melts that all away. It is so relaxing and comforting. Being a submissive feels really right to me. Entering into the kitten headspace can be an extension of that.

What makes a good kitten? And is it ever okay to be a bad kitten?

Firstly, if you like being punished, like me, then yes, it's okay to be a bad kitten. Or if your handler enjoys punishing you—like Sir. I think being a "good kitten" is really how you and your handler see it. You definitely need to discuss what you both feel works best. If you're already a submissive, then following the rules is the best thing to do—unless you enjoy punishment, in which case, be as bad as you dare.

ANIMAL BEHAVIOR 101

Bex Caputo doesn't recall the "why" of wanting to be a cat. But he does remember embarrassing his grandmother that day at the diner. The pastor was there, and to Grandma's horror, little Bex chose to communicate in his preferred tongue—by meowing.

"My grandmother was mortified. But for me I think it was just about embracing imagination and letting go of a little bit of responsibility. I was a kid who had to grow up way too fast."

Bex has less time for pet play these days. Still, this kink educator and certified sex nerd enjoys a bit of fetch now and then. As the top in his current relationship, however, Bex does all the throwing these days.

"I'd say that I dabble and am not so much a heavy pet player," explains Bex from his New York apartment while sorting laundry (another Zoom moment brought to you by COVID-19). "For me, it is more about the language. When I was a submissive, my dominant called me 'pup.' And now I am a dominant in my current relationship and call my partner 'pet.'"

As an educator and podcast host (*The Dildorks*, check it out!) who has led countless workshops and classes on every imaginable kink and fetish under the sun, Bex is—in the words of sex and relationships educator Kate McCombs—a "beacon of permission." Yes, you are normal, and yes, it's okay to be a pup, kitten or whatever creature you choose to inhabit.

"People always think the thing they're telling me is way more outrageous than it actually is, or that they are the only person who has ever been into this thing—and they're not. I think of [pet play] as a subset of a type of role-play—which, in my experience, tends to be a way to try on different personas that either bring out more of the kind of person you want to be or don't get to be publicly—or don't want to be but might want to try for just one evening."

Even power dynamics—submission, domination, control and the negotiated absence thereof—are all up for interpretation. "For example, the pet doesn't necessarily have to be submissive. You can have a pet playing with another pet, and one of the pups can be in control. Yes, you're playing with power—it is a degree of ownership and control, but also caretaking."

Delving even deeper, what can we glean from the types of animals that people choose to inhabit? Well, for starters, this ain't astrology. "You're not going to be like, 'Oh, you're a puppy, and these are the puppy traits.' When you're role-playing, you're generally looking for archetypes. So if someone says they're a puppy, what do we culturally understand as being a puppy? We know they're highly energized. And maybe even breed matters? They may be a service breed, like a retriever, versus a really playful, yappy terrier that is probably going to be more of a bratty submissive. Maybe chew on your slippers or whatever."

Bex has met dragons, bunnies, even foxes. If you really want to understand a pet player, ask them about the animal they identify with and why they picked it. These personas are far more than fur and whiskers and adorable tails that are sometimes attached to a sex toy. They are, in fact, a means to an end: the search for identity.

"The great thing about role-play and trying on these different hats is that it can be deeply core to your identity. I think of kink as grown-up play. As children, we play make-believe to learn how to interact with other people, to experience different emotions, acquire conflict resolution skills, etc. And as adults, kink and role-play can be that same thing. You can be that very silly puppy, because that very silly puppy isn't gonna feel bad jumping on a couch and frolicking in a way that you could never imagine doing."

To understand pet play, to get the "Aha!" of it all, you must accept its inherent silliness. In no way is this intended in the pejorative sense; we can be silly without feeling shame. And remember, Bex is right there with you.

"When I'm clomping around on the floor, playing fetch with a toy or whatever, it's silly. I can feel silly; I'm allowed to feel silly, and that's part of the fun. And you can experience a huge variety of other feelings too, right? For me it's rooted in joy. Let's say you're at a party, and a real puppy enters the room. Everyone wants to play with that puppy. When you're in a kink space and a human pup walks into the room, it's the same feeling. And you get to *be* that puppy. You get to feel appreciated, loved and cherished. And you don't have to do anything but enjoy it."

BexTalksSex.com/Patreon.com/The-Dildorks >>

BEST IN SHOW: A HANDLER'S GUIDE TO PUP PLAY

"In its simplest form, [pet play] can be a very easy and low-pressure kink to start out with. All you need to do is get on your hands and knees." —Lady Pim, professional dominatrix and pet handler at the Ritual Chamber in Toronto. The above extract is from her excellent 2019 essay, "The Popularity of Puppy Play."

Pet play is but one skill in Lady Pim's vast BDSM toolkit. Name your pleasure, and she will take you down a rabbit hole of self-realization. That is to say, she's Jedi-level smart and damn good at what she does. As to her handling skills, Lady Pim has trained and disciplined her fair share of rambunctious pups. Her first exposure to pet play was through "kinky Twitter," where she found herself fixated by the fun and fuzzy world of pet players. "I'm a total sex geek," she confesses. "I just went on this deep dive to get my hands on as much information about it as possible."

Lady Pim started playing with pups under the proviso that she was a novice, learning as she went. Today she makes Jean Donaldson look like a beginner (Jean runs the Academy for Dog Trainers, which is basically like Harvard for people who train dogs). In other words, Lady is damn good. So what can we learn from this professional pup handler?

First things first: Lady Pim encourages all pets to vet a handler. Know who you're dealing with and look for experience. "To be a good professional handler, you need to put in the hours. I did my research, I listened to podcasts, followed pups and handlers on their social media, read a lot of articles, took workshops and classes…and from there you need the actual, practical hours with a play partner—multiple play partners if possible."

Lady Pim, being a lifestyle switch, was interested in getting experience on both sides of the "slash," so to speak—both as a pet and as a handler. This is of particular interest, as it's important for handlers to understand exactly what's going on inside the mind of a pup. But it also taught her how getting into this headspace to begin with is easier said than done. "The whole thing with pet play is that it's carefree and playful, and when you get into what's called pet space, you are kind of in this thoughtless, mindless, meditative state where it's all feral needs and instincts. It took a few times to get there, and that's what I learned: Yes, it seems like a really accessible type of play, and it is in a lot of ways, *but* it can be kind of difficult for people at the beginning, as it was with me."

It should go without saying that consent and communication are supremely important, but it always bears repeating when discussing kink and especially in pet play, as it often affects a pet's ability to communicate. "What we need to remember, when we're playing with pups or kitties or other types of pets, is that usually in this type of play, as bottoms, we go to a nonverbal place," explains Lady Pim. "So it's important to figure out the usual protocol of safe words, because you may have to now use safe *signals*. If somebody is quite deep in pup space, they may not be able to access vocabulary as easily. In lieu of signals, try a squeaky toy or a little bell."

But the best thing you can do as a handler is to be present with the person in the room as you would in any other kink scene. Be as present as possible, and use your sixth sense—which in this case is empathy. "Empathy hyper-drive," Lady Pim emphasizes. "You need to 'get there' as much as possible with them. Because then you're speaking their language, you know? You both share the same vocabulary; it's a collaboration and an exchange of energy back and forth. You have to kind of surrender yourself to the pet play fantasy, this new reality. And like sex, it can take a few times before you really get into the groove."

The big question is, the carrot or the stick? Again, rewards and punishment should be discussed beforehand and decided together. Sure, you can housebreak a pup, teach them tricks, explore reward/punishment scenarios—even teach posing to show dogs. But if you're aiming for realism, remember that most dog owners are total pushovers. "Some people that have real dogs as pets are not very strict with them at all! Some actual pet owners are just 'good cops.' If you want to mirror reality, we have both options available to us in this fantasy. If you're going to do punishment, then it's important to discuss what an acceptable punishment looks like."

> **"IF SOMEBODY IS QUITE DEEP IN PUP SPACE, THEY MAY NOT BE ABLE TO ACCESS VOCABULARY AS EASILY. IN LIEU OF SIGNALS, TRY A SQUEAKY TOY OR A LITTLE BELL."**

Pressed for tips to please her, Lady Pim is firm in her belief in how the process is entirely collaborative. But pressed slightly further…

"I like hoods," she admits by phone from her studio. "I think they're adorable, especially the ones with tongues that make it look like they're laughing at you. But I actually like to see my sub's face too. And that's both a safety thing and a connective thing that brings me joy. Just to see this kind of mindless expression. You know how some dogs are just so pure, like too pure for this world? I love to see that mirrored on a kinky pup's face."

What can pups expect in the capable hands of Lady Pim and her measured benevolence? You know what they say about the classics: They never go out of style. "I love to make pups drink out of water bowls; that's always a fun thing. If they're new to it, sometimes they choke a little bit, and it makes for a very giggly scene. And you can't go wrong with a collar and leash; I put a collar and leash on my subs even if we're not doing a pet play scene. That's just the basics, as far as I'm concerned. There's a lot of fancy equipment out there, but you don't need it—it's not necessary to do pet play. All you need to do is get on your hands and knees and you're ready to go."

Remember, aftercare is a must—depending on how deep you go, your pet may need a hand emerging from the depths of pup space.

"With something like pet play, the sub or the bottom is being asked to make a mental shift, to almost go into an altered state. So even if it's a light, fluffy type of scene where they're getting scritches, it's still going to take a while for the person to reset and walk out the door. It's really important, regardless of what you are doing in your pet play scene, to plan a bit of time at the end to decompress, relax and make the switch back to their human selves. It's important to be aware and do the scene—from negotiation to aftercare—really skillfully and carefully."

Twitter: @TheLadyPim1/Web: TheRitualChamber.ca/Lady-Pim

LADY PIM & PUP

PHOTO BY PROVACATEUR IMAGES

GISELLE PALMER

SOUTHERN CHARM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

My first time ever being on a cover was from a wonderful shoot I did with Dave Naz for *Taboo*. I definitely cherish those memories and that magazine. I'm thankful to be featured in HUSTLER because the women in it are confident. They own their sexuality and their brains. I've always been opinionated, headstrong and eager to learn. Right now my biggest goal is to create a homestead. I'd start a farm and raise pigs. Simple living is a turn-on for me.

"Ideally I like to have sex every day, and I feel sexy whenever I wear a lacy slip underneath my dress. I'm attracted to men who are intelligent, have good taste in music and have nice hands. You can tell so much about a person by looking at their hands! Also by how they kiss. I get so wet whenever I make out. Making out is severely underrated. I love to be touched on my neck and shoulders. Give me a back rub and fuck me in the bed of a pickup truck, beneath the stars."

GISELLE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Austin, Texas** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-9** | MEASUREMENTS: **34G-27-39**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER & INSTAGRAM: **@Honky_TonkAngel**

CLUB 42

BY JOANNA ANGEL

Adult-entertainment powerhouse Joanna Angel is out with her brand-spanking-new interactive novel *Club 42* and has provided HUSTLER readers with this delicious preview. The book follows Naomi, a proud Brooklyn hipster who finds her life forever changed when she gets fired from her barista job and wanders into a strip club called Club 42. On a whim, Naomi auditions to become a dancer, and what happens next…is up to you. You decide Naomi's fate along the way as you guide her through this nonstop naked adventure in the city that never sleeps.

In this excerpt from the book, we join Naomi immediately following her audition and hire at the club. Brandi, a veteran stripper, has just offered Naomi a proposition: "Well, I've got a customer waiting for me up in VIP. He likes doing doubles. I'm sure he'd LOVE a new girl. Wanna come with?" And the reader gets to decide whether they want to watch Naomi go with Brandi to the VIP room or follow Naomi as she explores the club by herself. We opted for the VIP room (big surprise), and away we go:

PHOTOS COURTESY JOANNA ANGEL
CLUB 42 EXCERPT COURTESY JOANNA ANGEL & CLEIS PRESS

Brandi pulled me through the strip club, past the stage and the DJ and the bar. We arrived in a dark hallway lit with what looked like those constellation stickers I bought at Sharper Image and put all over my bedroom in high school. There were several spaces lined with dark velvet curtains. Brandi opened one of the curtains and revealed a scrawny man sitting on a decadent velvet bench, dressed in khakis and a patterned button-down top, with glasses and dark hair. His hands were in his lap, and he was looking at the floor. I felt like we were detectives walking into an interrogation room, and this khaki guy was definitely guilty of something.

Brandi sat on his lap and played with his hair. To say the least, her pink sparkly getup and his khaki garb did not complement each other well. There's no other scenario in the universe where these two people would be interacting like this.

"Scotty! Look! I brought a friend," she said. Scotty seemed excited.

"Oh—y-y-y-y-es. D-d-d-d-d-o you guys like to play together?" he asked.

"She's new here and I can't WAIT to play with her," Brandi said, while hamming up the hair playing a little more. It truly looked like a soothing massage—this girl knew how to rub a head.

"Come on, Scotty, I want to play! You know what you have to do." Brandi pouted like a little girl on Santa's lap who wanted a pony. And then something incredible happened—Scotty reached into his pocket, opened his wallet, and "ponied" up five hundred-dollar bills. He handed all of it to Brandi, and she handed two of them to me. Just like that. Scotty was far superior to Santa. Santa charges people to take photos with him and rarely comes through with anything you ask for. Scotty pays for an electric bill in the blink of an eye.

Brandi folded up the money and rubber-banded it around her garter belt. I unzipped my fanny pack, which had now morphed into a very inconvenient clutch. I pulled out my wallet and placed my new crisp lap-sitting money next to my metro card and my long-expired student ID, which I still used to get discounts wherever I could. But if I could find myself a Scotty, I wouldn't need a 15 percent discount on anything ever again.

Brandi kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you!" she said. "You're the best—you're always the best. Love you!" She smiled at me and pulled me onto his lap, and while his knee was incredibly bony, I found a way to balance my also bony ass on him. Brandy removed her dress by untying one single tie in the back. I could see the convenience of this contraption. I must remind you, I was still in my red polka dot, polyester dress. Had anyone walked in here at this moment—with Brandi wearing nothing but clear heels, and me sitting properly with my legs crossed and my hands folded on Scotty's leg—it would have looked like Scotty took his daughter into the strip club after taking her on a tour of a local college campus.

Brandi gyrated her tight round ass against Scotty's crotch, while I remained perched on his lap. I could see her ass and pussy—everything was so smooth and perfect, not one ingrown hair or pimple in sight. Scotty smiled and kept his hands at his sides. I assumed that was a protocol here, and I commended him for sticking with it because I don't know how he didn't reach out and grab her.

"It's her first day, Scotty!" Brandi said, looking at me with her piercing brown eyes.

"Ooooh, really?" he replied.

"Yeah! I wanna take good care of her," Brandi said.

She reached over and slid my dress up to my breasts, while continuing to rub her ass against Scotty's crotch. The multitasking was incredible. She smelled like lavender and vanilla and peaches all mixed together, and the scent was mesmerizing. My dress unfortunately came to a halt at my breasts. Brandi gave it a good head start, but I was aware that it was my job to continue to get this damn dress off. I had gotten paid generously by Scotty, after all.

I was done fussing with the buttons in the back. I pulled the dress over my head and heard it tear as it slid over my ears. I didn't care. Brandi giggled, and her adorable reaction made this entire interaction less awkward. She slid her smooth fingers up and down my body, and it felt like my matching bra and panty set just disappeared. She was some kind of magician, clearly. And now…I was naked.

Brandi lay back with her ass still on Scotty's crotch. She pulled me over and laid me on top of her, facing her, as if Scotty and I were creating a Brandi sandwich. I moved along with her, around and around. I was naked against Brandi's naked body, but Scotty was completely clothed with his hands to his sides. It was bizarre, yet erotic.

I could feel her pussy lips against mine. Her fingers moved over my back, and our pelvises pressed together as we went around in a circle. Scotty got more and more excited. I understood where he was coming from, because I too was getting aroused. I inhaled all her pleasant stripper scents, and it was intoxicating. >>

SHE SLID HER SMOOTH FINGERS UP AND DOWN MY BODY, AND IT FELT LIKE MY MATCHING BRA AND PANTY SET JUST DISAPPEARED. SHE WAS SOME KIND OF MAGICIAN, CLEARLY. AND NOW... I WAS NAKED.

She pushed me down until I was on my knees on the floor. And as she focused on this backward dry hump against Scotty's crotch, she took my head and pushed it into her pussy.

"I want you to lick me while I make Scotty come," she said. I appreciated how direct she was, and I thought this was an excellent plan. She didn't even know my name…and come to think of it, I didn't know my name either, and that was fine. I stuck my tongue into her pussy lips as they moved around. I did my best to follow along. I'd never had a threesome before, and I still don't think this counts—I'm not sure what exactly the word for this was.

I stuck my tongue deep into her, and her pussy tasted just like the rest of her body smelled. I felt like I was licking a pussy while shopping at Bath & Body Works, and I liked it. I licked and licked and inhaled her pussy as best I could. She moaned, but I wasn't sure how much was real and how much was a performance paid for by Scotty. I wanted to be sure she actually enjoyed my tongue, so I licked her harder and stronger, searching for her clit. She could fake it for Scotty, but she couldn't fake it for me! I wanted to give her a real sensation. I wanted to feel her quiver.

"You're such a dirty girl," she told me in a high-pitched voice.

I LICKED HER HARDER AND STRONGER, SEARCHING FOR HER CLIT. SHE COULD FAKE IT FOR SCOTTY, BUT SHE COULDN'T FAKE IT FOR ME! I WANTED TO GIVE HER A REAL SENSATION. I WANTED TO FEEL HER QUIVER.

There was a train of pleasure going on. I licked Brandi and she rubbed on Scotty. The harder I licked, the faster she rubbed. I liked having this effect on her—I felt like I was a crucial part of contributing to Scotty's boner, even if I wasn't in direct contact with it. I couldn't relate this to anything I'd done in the past, so I just paid attention to what my body and my tongue told me to do, and that was to keep licking with as much gusto as I possibly could.

Brandi moaned beautifully. She was certainly an expert at turning people on. Scotty was now moaning too, and I had my mouth full doing my thing. He breathed heavily as he moved his hands to hold on to Brandi's hips—I could tell he was restraining himself from touching anywhere else with his invisible handcuffs. There was a musical medley of moans, and suddenly, Scotty quivered and shook uncontrollably. Then he stopped and lightly pushed Brandi off him, looking exhausted.

I saw a big wet stain around Scotty's crotch. Perhaps he should have worn darker pants—khakis were not the best choice of wardrobe for making a mess. I was embarrassed for him, but he didn't seem embarrassed at all. He was proud. I had to give him credit for that.

I wanted to keep licking Brandi, but it seemed like the paying customer got to decide how long things went on in here.

Brandi giggled. "You bad boy."

"Th-th-th-th-thank you," he said, looking drunk. He pulled out another hundred-dollar bill and handed it to her, and he walked out. She pulled two twenty-dollar bills out of the rubber-banded wad around her garter and handed them to me. I was perfectly fine with the sixty/forty percentage split. And honestly, a part of me wondered whether I could lick her again for a few more minutes if I gave the forty back.

"You're fun!" Brandi said. "You okay? Some of the girls here fake it when they do doubles, but I like doing the real thing." I still wasn't entirely sure of all the lingo here, but I thought I understood what she meant.

"Oh, yeah, that was amazing! And thank you for including me," I said.

"We need to think of a name for you," she said. I genuinely liked that she had decided she was a necessary part of this process. I naturally thought of Cardi B. She was my inspiration, even though we looked absolutely nothing alike and had virtually nothing in common.

"Naomi…G. My name is Naomi G!" This wasn't very creative. My real name was Naomi, and my real last name was Greenfeld…so Naomi G was just a shortened version of my actual name. But it just rolled out of my mouth, and it felt right, and it also kind of sounded like Cardi B—but not so much like Cardi B that if she ever checked in on her old strip club, she would get mad at me. I wouldn't want to get on her bad side.

"Alright! I like it!" Brandi said. From a distance I heard the DJ saying, "Calling Brandi to the stage…Brandi, come to the stage."

"Shit!" she said. "I gotta go onstage—I'll see you after!" She kissed me on the cheek. I put my slightly torn dress back on and smiled. It wasn't even 3 p.m., my internet bill was paid, I had been an integral part of someone else's orgasm, and I had a cool new name. I felt like an important contributing member of society…or, at least, of this society. I confidently walked out of the dark room, toward the music and the neon lights, excited to see whose pants I could mess up next. H

To decide what happens to Naomi next, order your copy of Club 42 *today at Amazon.com or wherever fine books are sold. And enjoy!*

LIVE
DIE
YOUNG

SCARLIT SCANDAL

FLYING HIGH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I was a cheerleader in high school. I'm tiny, so I was a flyer, which meant I was thrown around a lot. Sometimes my teammates would catch me, and sometimes they wouldn't. I took a few falls, but that's okay. Sometimes I get hurt dancing too. I like to do a type of dance called step, where I'll slap my thighs until they're red. The style lets me be aggressive and get out my anger. Dancing can be an emotional art, just like sex.

"When I'm in bed, I like to be in the moment. I'm open to a guy popping wherever he wants, but I hate getting cum in my eye. It's one of my pet peeves. Other than that, I'm open-minded sexually. I like how I get to embrace my womanhood now without being judged. I used to take selfies of myself naked, but I was too shy to post them. Now I share my ass all over Twitter. You should follow me @ScarlitScandal!"

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SOPHIA KNIGHT & EMILY ADDISON

NEVER SAY NEVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

I tend to make my naughty thoughts come true. For example, I've had sex in the back row of a cinema! I love to be on top, taking control. I like to think I'm spontaneous and just a little crazy. Once I had a recurring dream of kissing my then-boyfriend's dad, so I made that dream a reality. Believe it or not, I haven't done a boy-girl scene on camera yet, but never say never. Anything could happen." **—Sophia**

I've always been attracted to women, and I experimented with them in high school. I love the way they look and how sensual the sex can be. Nothing feels better than being wrapped up in a lover's arms. When I'm having sex, I *crave* multiple orgasms. I'm greedy, and I love them! When I don't have a partner, I play with myself, reminiscing about dirty little moments I've had in the past or moments that I would like to have." **—Emily**

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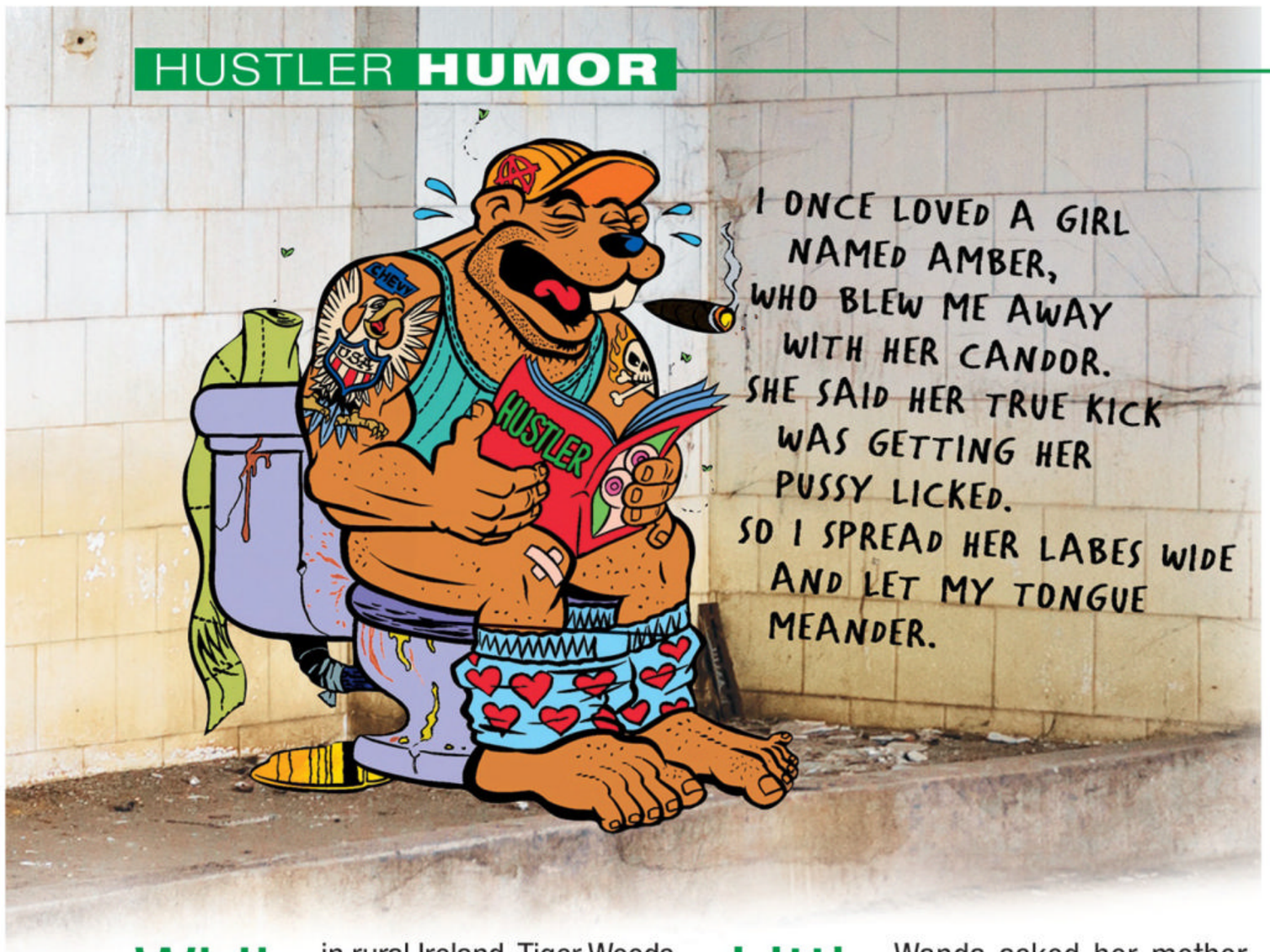
XO Emily
& Sophia

EMILY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Johnson City, Tennessee**
AGE: **36** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **32DDD-30-38**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Little Spoon in the morning!**
TWITTER: **@EmiAddisonNYC**
INSTAGRAM: **@EmiAddisonX**

SOPHIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Dundee, Scotland** | AGE: **32** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-26-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Spoons**
TWITTER: **@Sophia_Knight** | INSTAGRAM: **@SophiaKnight**


I ONCE LOVED A GIRL NAMED AMBER, WHO BLEW ME AWAY WITH HER CANDOR. SHE SAID HER TRUE KICK WAS GETTING HER PUSSY LICKED. SO I SPREAD HER LABES WIDE AND LET MY TONGUE MEANDER.
CHEVY
USA
HUSTLER

While in rural Ireland, Tiger Woods pulled his BMW into a gas station for a fill-up. The attendant, Paddy—who knew nothing about golf—came up to him and said, "Top o' the morning to you, sir."

Tiger said a polite hello and told Paddy he wanted to pump his own gas. Just as Tiger bent over to insert the nozzle, two golf tees fell out of his shirt pocket.

"What are those?" Paddy asked.

"They're called tees," Tiger explained. "They're for resting my balls on when I'm driving."

"Fuck me!" Paddy shouted. "BMW thinks o' everything!"

Here's all you need to know to make you a believer in Pfizer's COVID-19 vaccine. Pfizer is the same pharmaceutical company that created Viagra. Logic then dictates that we can rely on the vaccine, because if Pfizer was able to raise the dead, it should certainly be able to protect the living.

Question: How do you find a blind man in a nudist colony?

Answer: It isn't hard.

Two hicks were looking through a mail-order catalog. "Look at these beautiful women!" Jed marveled. "The prices are reasonable too!"

Nick agreed and hollered, "I'm ordering one of these right now!"

Three weeks later Jed asked, "Has your woman been shipped to you yet?"

"No," Nick replied, "but it shouldn't be long now. Her clothes arrived yesterday."

Little Wanda asked her mother, "Can I take Lulu for a walk around the block?"

"No," her mom sternly replied. "The dog's in heat."

"What does that mean?" the ten-year-old asked.

"Go ask your father," her mother suggested.

Wanda found her dad in the garage and whimpered,"Mom said Lulu's in heat and I should come ask you if I can take her for a walk around the block."

"Bring Lulu here," Wanda's dad ordered.

After his daughter returned with the pooch, he soaked a rag with gasoline and rubbed Lulu's backside to cover the scent. "Okay, you can go now, but keep her on the leash and only walk around the block one time."

Wanda and Lulu took off, but a while later the girl came back empty-handed.

"Where's Lulu?" her father asked.

"She ran out of gas halfway around the block," Wanda answered. "But don't worry. Another dog is pushing her home."

A college freshman walked up to his father and announced, "I just lost my virginity."

"That's my boy!" the father exclaimed. "Let's sit down and drink to celebrate!"

"I can't sit down," his son admitted. "It kinda hurts."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

AH, MASTURBATION! ONE OF THE MANY FUN THINGS YOU CAN DO AT HOME WHILE SOCIAL DISTANCING!

WINNERS

RICHARD KIND

IS KIND OF AWESOME

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

You know him from comedic roles on *Spin City* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, but as an actor, Richard Kind can do it all: He's voiced characters in Pixar films from *Toy Story 3* to *Cars 2* to *Inside Out*; was Tony-nominated for his work on Broadway in *The Big Knife*; and has played serious roles in serious shows, from Clint Eastwood's *Hereafter* and Ben Affleck's *Argo* to HBO's *Luck*. And that's not even mentioning his recent star turn as a toothy Rudy Giuliani in 2019's *Bombshell*. The kindly Mr. Kind recently called in to HUSTLER from his COVID bunker to share his thoughts on the only man he "hate, hate, hates," being pigeonholed as an actor and the fact that, oh, yeah, Richard Kind "fucks"!

HUSTLER: My kid loved you as Bing Bong in *Inside Out*, but I think that makes you the only person to appear in a Disney movie *and* HUSTLER.
RICHARD KIND: Aw, come on. Really? Dick Van Dyke? Julie Andrews? No? Then I hope my grandeur doesn't diminish your magazine.

Are you a HUSTLER reader?
I was. I can't say I am anymore, because now I get my pornography elsewhere. But when I was a kid, of course I was a reader. You loved it. You graduated from *Playboy*, which we had stuck in the cannon of Cadwalader Park in Trenton, and then we'd go to the park and pull it out. Well, "pull it out" is the wrong wording. But we'd pull the magazine out there to read. Then in college and after college you graduated to HUSTLER. That was just new for us, the hard stuff. It was really hardcore. *Playboy* you could joke, "I got it for the articles." We did not get HUSTLER for the articles!

I'm always happy to see you onscreen. It seems to me there is a distinctive Richard Kind character. How would you describe that guy?
Well, I am going to disagree with you. There is not a distinctive Richard Kind type of role. There is a role on a lot of situation comedies that I've been involved in. But I pride myself on doing things that you wouldn't ordinarily expect me to do because of that stereotypical role you speak of—the gregarious, warm-eyed, puppy-dog type of guy who's sometimes silly and sometimes annoying. But that's what they pay me the large amounts of money for, so I can do the things I like to challenge myself with. Those roles I get paid much less for, I probably enjoy myself much more, and I'm probably seen by a fraction of the viewers. For example, I did a play on Broadway called *The Big Knife*, in which I played a tremendously evil movie mogul from the '50s, a horrible man, and I got nominated for a Tony. I did it once directed by Joanne Woodward in Williamstown, then reprised it with Bobby Cannavale. That's something I loved doing. Nobody's ever seen me do the Sondheim work I was lucky enough to do or the Tom Stoppard plays. I've done Mamet, and I did *Candide* at New York City Opera. Nobody knows that I do that. Maybe 3,000 people. But I get to do that. Nobody sees that because nobody will take a gamble on what they already know, and I don't blame them, because as I go through my career, I am realizing this is a business. With projects like the ones you know me from, they hire me because I'm a go-to guy, a proven commodity, and nobody wants to take a chance.

Are you frustrated by that?
I am not frustrated by it, because I get to do it. I think it out. I just finished a sci-fi movie where I played a scientist on the run from the military, hiding out in the wilderness. I have a beard. I'm not goofy at all. The director wanted it a little goofy, and I said, "No, that's not how this guy is." Is the movie serious? Yeah, the way that *Avengers* movies are serious. They're not out-and-out comedies, and they're fun. But I get to do a lot of these things. I seek them out. I don't get paid too much, and it's tough because I got three kids. I'm paying for private school now and college, but I just say I can't do all the crap all the time.

I enjoyed you on *Red Oaks*, but I still saw you as that beloved Richard Kind character.
I get that. I am not a chameleon actor, like some people are, but whatever the genre is, I try to meet it halfway. Look, I have a funny mouth, and the way that I talk is funny. It's comic. And I recognize that. How do I overcome that? Did you ever see the show *Luck*? There's an episode or two in that—although my character is very likable, it's so pathetically sad. I got hired for that because of my work in *A Serious Man*. I was riding the coattails of genius on that one, like I do in the Pixar stuff. But *A Serious Man* got me *Luck*, and so I got a couple tragic episodes that weren't filmed with laughs. But it's true you know what kind of guy Richard Kind is.

Fred MacMurray used to make dark movies, but then all of a sudden he was making Disney films, and then he was offered a role in *The Apartment* as an evil man, a villain. After that a woman wrote him a letter saying, "I took my son to see a Fred MacMurray movie, and it was not a Fred MacMurray movie," so he never made an "adult" movie again in his life. That's not what I want. I don't want people to say, "Oh, it's Richard Kind, so it has to be this genre." Maybe they'll say, "It's Richard Kind—it'll probably be good," but I don't want you to pigeonhole me into a type of genre.

Talking about pigeonholing you, I was surprised to learn you were a frat boy.
Look, you're interviewing me for HUSTLER. I don't think there's a person reading this who's imagining me fucking, but I eat, I drink, I fuck! Stories like that aren't my stock in trade, but I'm a human being. When I was in college, I was a guy. I was a guy who liked to drink; I was a guy who liked to party; I was a pussy hound. It's what I liked because I'm a human being, but when I'm onscreen, somebody else made up those stories. Somebody else made up the words I say, and I try to give them life. But I'll be damned if I'm going to live my life like my characters.

I'll tell you something else! Do you know Ted Knight tried to quit *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* after three or four years? He couldn't take it anymore, people yelling "Oh, Ted!" or "Baxter" and thinking he was a fool. He was quite an accomplished actor, and when I found out he wanted to quit, I was surprised. Maybe you don't know, but the same thing was true with me and *Spin City*. I was an idiot. Week after week after week, same jokes, different words, but I was an idiot. I happened to think the writing was great, so stop right there, but after a while of playing an idiot, your neck begins to hurt. You crimp up. You want to do something else, which is the time I did go do a lot of theater. As an antidote to what I was doing on *Spin City*, I wanted to play an intelligent person or a mean person or someone of great power, which I did. Still, my bread is buttered by network TV. I know that.

I couldn't love your pal Hank Azaria's show *Brockmire* any more, but how come you didn't show up until Season 3?
Not only that, he made me audition! Really, it was his partner, who >>

was a writer and a producer and who doesn't know me, but here's my feeling about auditions: Everybody should audition. Everybody! Because what happens if your interpretation doesn't jibe with what the director thinks a character is going to do? Then what are you going to do? On the flip side of that, John Ford and Clint Eastwood never auditioned people—they hired them because they could see what they could do. Clint Eastwood never read with anybody; he always had somebody on tape. But you just hope that you are interpreting the character the way those guys saw them. I was lucky enough to do that with Clint Eastwood and with the Coen brothers, but that's what actors do. We are malleable. Hitchcock said, "Actors are like cattle." He didn't mean we were dumb like cattle, just that we should be pushed a little this way, pushed a little that way, like cattle in a herd. You push them along and eventually you'll get there. For *Brockmire*, I heard they wanted someone else, so if I didn't audition, I wouldn't have got the part, and I'll audition for anyone. I'll audition for my mother if I have to, if she doesn't know I can do the role. I want to go in and prove I can do the role.

What Clint Eastwood film were you in?
A movie called *Hereafter*. The first eight minutes are fantastic! I gotta say, it was made when CGI was in its infancy, but there is a tsunami done with CGI that will blow you away! It is spectacular! I couldn't believe what I was watching. That's about seven or eight minutes. Then it starts telling a story about Matt Damon as a guy who has psychic abilities, and I am the conduit to telling the audience that he has psychic abilities. It's told almost like a short story, an O. Henry story, with a twist. That's about eight minutes, a couple of scenes showing that Matt Damon is psychic, but once that's over, the movie completely becomes a piece of shit.

To be clear, you're saying the eight minutes with you in it are great?
I'm not saying it's because I'm great; I'm saying it's because the special effects are great, and the story is fantastic, but then it loses its way.

Okay, here's something for you! Clint Eastwood didn't know who the hell I was, okay? I auditioned for the role of a character with a Greek name, and I got chosen to do it. So I played an American of Greek heritage, but Clint Eastwood didn't know who I was. Now whenever he sees me, Clint Eastwood says, "Hey, it's the Greek." Now, whoever would've thought I got the nickname "the Greek"? It seems like a stretch, but that's how Clint Eastwood knows me. As long as I've been in the business, it's hard to get a clean slate, but with Clint Eastwood I got one. It was the same thing with Joanne Woodward. She didn't know me, so when it came time to act as a horrible bastard of a character in *The Big Knife*, she didn't know me as a weakling from *Spin City*, so she hired me.

Remind our younger readers who Joanne Woodward is.
She is an Academy Award-winning actor who was married to Paul Newman. Okay, you want to hear the best compliment? So I'm doing *The Big Knife* at the Williamstown Theatre Festival, and I come out the stage door, and all of a sudden somebody jumps on my back. His arms are around my neck and shoulders, his legs wrapped around my waist, and he goes, "Kid, you're like a locomotive. Once you get started, there's no stopping ya." You can bet that I memorized that sentence, because it was Paul Newman. How about that?

Speaking of brushes with greatness, tell me about *Curb Your Enthusiasm*.
They needed to find someone to play Larry's cousin. Jeff Garlin, who's one of my dear, dear friends, suggested me, but Larry said, "No, he's too famous." With the exception of Ed Asner, whose character dies in the episode, all of the famous actors on there play themselves. Larry David is a very moral guy, so he didn't want people thinking Ed Asner died for real, so he didn't play Ed Asner. That's how Larry David thinks. People don't realize that, but as a matter of fact, I think all of Larry telling the truth so much is a very mensch-y thing to do. It's very Ayn Rand, like, *Let me take care of myself and the world will be a better place.* But Larry had this perception that I was too famous, and I told Jeff, "That's wrong! I'm not too famous. I'm just not." That was almost 20 years ago, and I think he just finally relented. So I did the episode, and it was hilarious. Talk about riding the coattails of genius.

> "I DON'T THINK THERE'S A PERSON READING THIS WHO'S IMAGINING ME FUCKING, BUT I EAT, I DRINK, I FUCK!"

Your thoughts about portraying Rudy Giuliani in *Bombshell*?
Oh, that was great! I'm gonna be honest. I sowed the seed, but I was not a great Rudy Giuliani. What made it great was the makeup and the chyron that said Rudy Giuliani. The minute they put the chyron on, everybody accepted me. I was Rudy Giuliani. I tried to be the Rudy Giuliani I saw in that scene, but I wasn't a spot-on Rudy Giuliani. There are times I'm just shocked, like I am with this interview, that people choose me, so I was surprised to get that role. I did look at YouTube, and believe it or not, I saw that Giuliani speaks in a very clipped accent: He.talks.like.this. That's how Rod Steiger used to act, so what I really did was, I did my Rod Steiger. I did my Rod Steiger with big prosthetic teeth and tried to talk clipped, but those teeth got in the way.

Had you ever met America's Mayor?
Yes! I was going to see the play *Dear Evan Hansen* on Broadway, and because of who I am, I knew the producer, I got house seats. We go down there, and I look down the row, and there is Giuliani. This is a year or more before *Bombshell*. He knew who I was, and I certainly knew who he was, and I loved Giuliani! I thought what he did as mayor, he cleaned up New York City. Cleaned it up! He made it so we could all walk through Central Park at 11 at night. He did that! He was great, and he did soothe our anxieties during 9/11. But this was around the time he was starting to go a little nuts—not as nuts as we know now—but he was a compadre of Trump at the time, although not >>

Trump's lawyer. Anyways, during the play he takes out a bag of M&M's, and the wrapper is a crinkle, crinkle, crinkle type of wrapper. And he goes crinkle, crinkle, crinkle, one. Crinkle, crinkle, crinkle, two. He didn't pour the candy into his hands; he crinkled and got them into his index finger one at a time. During a movie, that kills me; during a play, I want to stop the show. I can't believe it. But I didn't say anything. On top of that, it was during the playoffs, so he brings out his phone and turns it on to see how the Yankees are doing. I see the bright light, and I go, "*Psst*, Mr. Mayor." And he looks over, and I just wiggle my index finger and go, "Nuh-uh!" He put it back. But that's what I think of Rudy Giuliani.

Meanwhile, Trump was on *Spin City*, so do you have any stories?
He was on the show, but I don't have any stories. Do I have thoughts? Donald Trump has…there is…I can't even start with my hatred and bile for that man, and I am not a man who hates. But I hate, I hate, I hate Donald Trump, because I love America. And I don't believe Donald Trump loves America. I think he sees what can be had from America. When he said to John Kelly, about the graves of the soldiers, "I don't get it. What's in it for them?" That's actually the only thing that can give me any solace about Trump, because I truly don't believe he knew that anything could be had through sacrifice. He didn't understand what could be had for giving your life for your country, for being brave,

for helping others. That's not within his brain. So did he run for President to help his brand? Or escape prison? Whatever his reasons were, it had nothing to do with the goodness that America could offer. It astounds me. My brain can't handle the lack of humanity, the absence of humanity. In my limited mind—and I try to not wear blinders—I cannot understand how his brain works.

Do you have any particular projects you'd like to plug?
I do, but look, I'm a dancing monkey on a string. I work when I get offered a role. Some people go, "How do you pick your scripts?" I go, "I pick them when they're offered to me and they have money attached." And the bad thing is, sometimes I pick them when they don't have money! I really just love to act! I find great solace in it. I find it fun. I had a teacher who said acting is just playing pretend, and is there anything happier than a three-year-old in the playground playing pretend. So that's what I do, and I think there are no people like show people. Show biz people are great! They usually share my politics too, so why wouldn't I want to hang around with them?

But if you don't want to plug anything, why did you agree to this interview?
The funny answer is, I thought maybe I'd get laid.

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COLLEGE ANAL 101 #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTORS: B. SKOW & ALAN X. STARRING: NIKOLE NASH, LILY GLEE, ZOE SPARX, CHLOE CHERRY, ALEX MACK, JASON MOODY & BRAD NEWMAN.

Outside of the prison system, you'd be hard-pressed to find an American institution more likely to lead to an ass-fucking than higher education. Young people just entering adulthood spend hundreds of dollars a semester on textbooks and God knows how much on tuition, saddling themselves with decades of debt to earn a degree that, by the time they graduate, will probably be obsolete in five years. *College Anal 101 #2*, at least, keeps the cornholing pleasant. Pert-titted, petite blonde Nikole Nash works away in her school's chemistry department, trying to come up with an aromatherapy product that will help women relax their sphincters. It's a silly concept, and the acting is corpse-stiff, but Nash's ingenue charm is real, especially when her pretty little mouth is wrapped around a fat cock. Slender brunet beauty Lily Glee, a compact, cute little morsel with sparkly brown eyes and perfect mouth-size tits, dozes off in the classroom, leading to a satirical dream sequence. Canned laughter and an ironic retro soundtrack spice up the scene as Glee strips down for a rectum-stretching anatomy lesson. Glee doesn't have much of a booty, but she takes her instructor's thick dong in her skinny white ass with the enthusiasm of an aspiring cheerleader desperate to make the squad. Statuesque blonde Chloe Cherry closes things out with a strong finale, taking an impressive load from her instructor that sails across the length of her body and onto her pretty face. *College Anal 101 #2* is worth boning up on. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

LILY GLEE

ZOE SPARX

CHLOE CHERRY

JANE WILDE

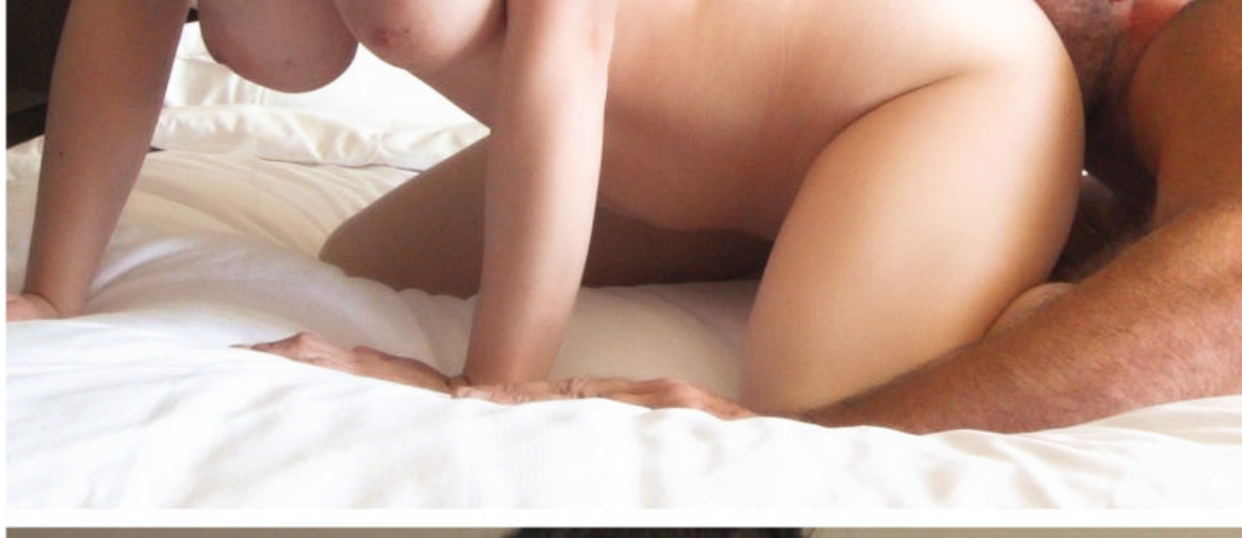
KIT MERCER

RAW 40

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: JANE WILDE, CASCA AKASHOVA, KIT MERCER & SKYLAR VOX.

Raw 40 just might be XXX video that the COVID-19 era deserves. With so many of us basically living on the couch in sweatpants, there's something familiar about the no-frills approach and barely existent production values in this latest video testament to Manuel Ferrara's seemingly inexhaustible libido. Which isn't necessarily a good thing. For those who've spent the last year cooped up at home as each day unfolds exactly like the last, a two-disc set that was seemingly filmed entirely in the same nondescript room with a mostly stationary camera might feel a little too familiar. Still, even as it unfolds at the self-indulgent pace of a Ken Burns documentary, *Raw 40* isn't without its merits. Petite fuck puppet Jane Wilde, for instance, is always a treat, and her scene here is no exception. Wilde seems particularly eager for an anal pummeling—coronavirus cabin fever, maybe?—and Ferrara is plenty eager to dole one out. The scene plays out like nature-documentary footage of a lion pouncing on a gazelle. Blond dong-gobbler Kit Mercer's tits are of seriously suspect origin, but her body is drum-tight; she clearly hasn't spent the last 11 months binging on Netflix and Funyuns. (Note to self: Buy more Funyuns.) Things grind to a boner-deflating halt with skull-faced Franken-blonde Casca Akashova, who appears to have emerged from a crypt of some kind to film her scene. Luckily, bombshell brunette Skylar Vox swoops in to save the day with her jaw-dropping, all-natural dairy domes and equally sizable sex drive. *Raw 40* could use a little more heat, but it might well suit your taste.

—P.D.R.



SKYLAR VOX

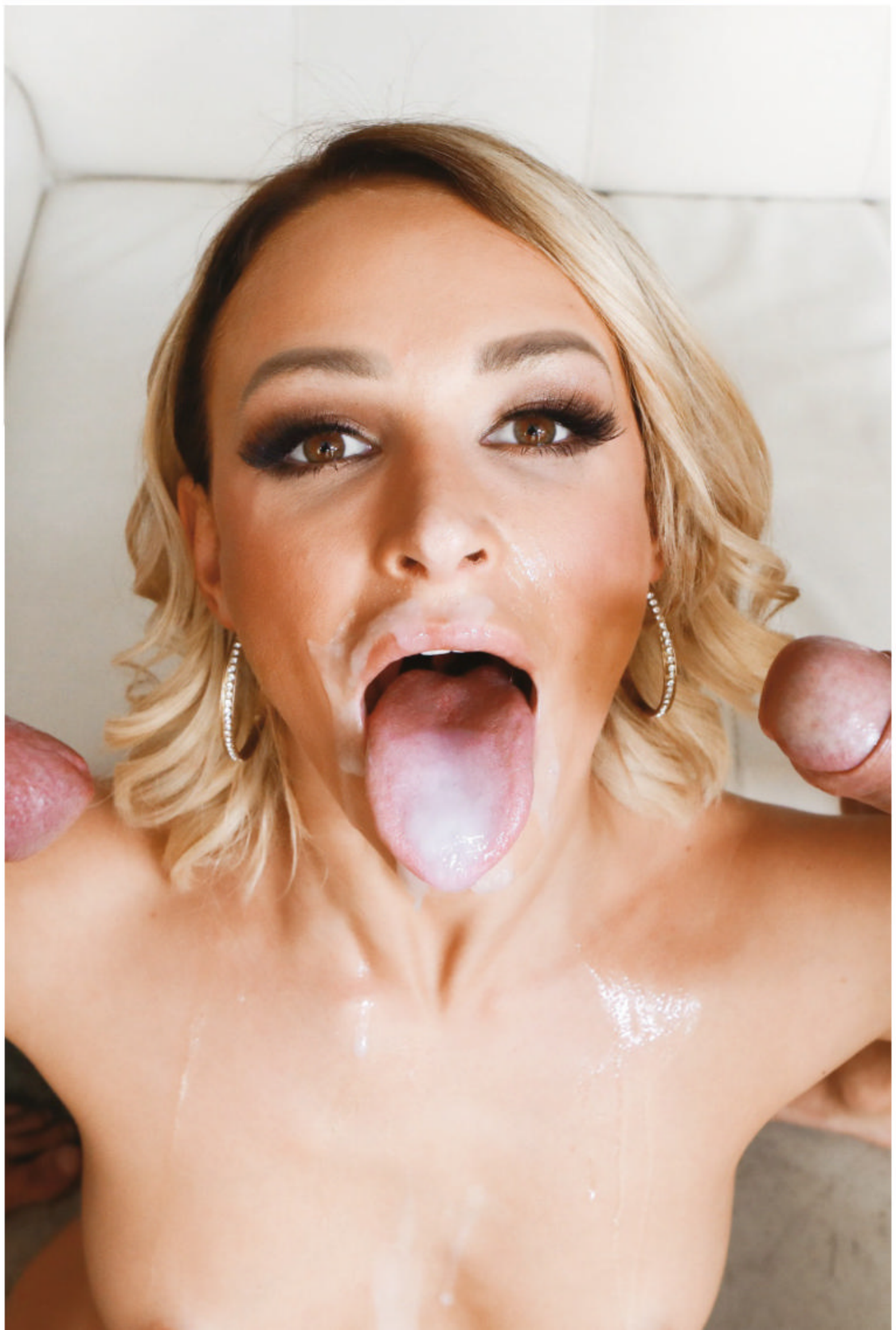
CASCA AKASHOVA

EMMA HIX

DP ME VOL. 11

HARDX. DIRECTOR: MASON. STARRING: EMMA HIX, CHANEL GREY, FEBBY TWIGS, MICK BLUE, RAMON NOMAR & JOHN STRONG.

If you don't mind a hole-to-pole ratio that's weighted toward the dick end of the spectrum, *DP Me Vol. 11* should fill your needs quite nicely. It certainly fills the orifices of its female talent. Tight-bodied, dirty blonde (in every sense of the phrase) Emma Hix kicks things off with her first double penetration in three years. Prior to her scene, Hix declares herself nervous, but apparently taking two cocks at once is a lot like riding a bike—it's a skill that one never loses, no matter how long it's been since you've hopped on. Steely-loined swordsmen Mick Blue and Ramon Nomar work Hix's snapper and crapper over with the precision of a NASCAR pit crew. Meanwhile, with the hole that isn't being stuffed with blood-swollen pud, Hix emits near-operatic moans and spirited observations such as, "Oh, my God, those cocks are so fucking hard!" Tiny blond sex dynamo Chanel Grey, despite her diminutive stature, proves remarkably durable as she's put to the test with a hearty double-dicking punctuated by slapping, choking and hair-pulling. Like Hix, Grey has a way with words—during her high-decibel fuckfest, she cries, "I love you guys both throwing me around, taking advantage of my holes" and "Give me all of that cum! Reward me! Milk your cocks into my mouth!" Scraggly-bushed hump-bunny Febby Twigs isn't quite so entertaining; the most remarkable thing about her is probably her unusual nom de porn. Despite ending on a slightly flat note, *DP Me Vol. 11* is crammed with good times. **—P.D.R.**



CHANEL GREY

FEBBY TWIGGS

DAHLIA SKY & KAT MONROE

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Before I got into the industry, I had a couple of threesomes, but nothing too crazy. I don't even remember my first threesome because it feels like ages ago! What gets me wet depends on who I'm with. Some days I like to be choked or slapped around, and other days I want to be kissed on my neck and romanced. I've learned I really love BDSM though. On camera I'm submissive, but off camera…well, let's just say I have a different persona."

—Dahlia

I'm a bookworm. Does that surprise you? Nothing makes me happier than reading romance novels, cuddling with pets and writing books. I actually wrote a fictional biography, and that's how I got the stage name Monroe. My manuscript's lead character was named Mia Monroe Lockwood. For my first name, I chose Kat because I've been compared to a kitty before. I'm feline-like and a little bitchy! But don't worry. I rarely scratch—unless you want me to." **—Kat**

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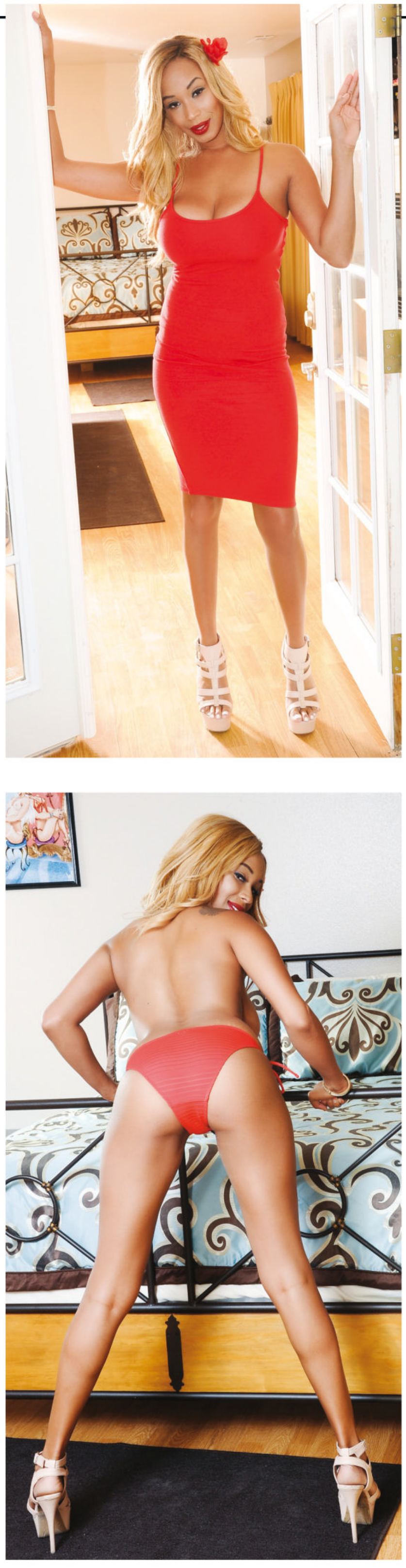
CINDY SHINE

"When I wake up in the morning, I am naked," says Cindy Shine, 28, from Prague, Czech Republic. "And at bedtime I decide, go to sleep or play with my pussy?" How's that for cutting to the chase? Despite her candor and allure, the 5-foot-3 eye-catcher might have ended up a pastry shop owner if she hadn't asked herself a life-altering question: *Práce v pornu nebo ne?* [Work in porn or not?] Cindy now has more than 80,000 Twitter followers, so she's not yanking apple strudels out of an oven. "I love posting hot, new videos for my fans," the bisexual, do-it-all performer raves. "In one of my favorites, Brittany Bardot slips a candle into my tight pussy, and I come like crazy." —*Photos by Omnia Productions*

“In one of my fantasies I’m a horny hitchhiker who can’t wait to be fucked by the stranger who picks her up.”

ENTICE LOVE

Entice Love, 31, from Sacramento, California, once motivated prospective customers as a visual merchandiser for a few big-name clothing stores. Now she's keen on being a visual delight as a skin-mag novice. "All the women in HUSTLER are *so-o-o* beautiful," the 5-foot-7 bombshell coos. "I want to be a part of the inspiration." Entice—who describes herself as "outgoing, funny, freaky and outspoken"—has several noteworthy pastimes. "I love to cook, work in my garden and hang out with my three dogs," she tells us. "They are my best friends. I also love to sing, so I listen to all types of music. Believe it or not, country is actually my favorite genre." Taking us to her amorous side, Entice discloses, "I'm very enticing and straight, but I don't mind a man's wife tagging along. My favorite things are sitting on a guy's face—I *love* being eaten out—and having someone pull my hair from behind." Entice, a sex worker before lockdowns closed Nevada's legal brothels, admits, "Since the pandemic I haven't been intimate with any person, but my toys have stayed by my side throughout this. I can't wait to start working again at the Mustang Ranch. I miss making men happy in bed." —*Photos by Friend*



“One of my fantasies is making love with a beautiful woman alongside a river. Another is having sex with the richest man in the world in a room filled with all his money.”

JACKIE OHH

"I've admired women in magazines for as long as I can remember, especially erotica models," declares Jackie Ohh, 23, from Toms River, New Jersey. "Appearing in HUSTLER is an exciting way to showcase my sexuality. I'm shameless when I'm naked. I love everything about it." The 5-foot-10 Garden Stater adds, "I'm definitely bubbly, and I love being creative. My hobbies are singing, playing the ukulele, writing and painting on canvases and on my body. I'm also hugely into house and techno music, but I'll listen to anything except country." Jackie's sex life is truly over the top: "I'm a Pisces, so I have a lot of emotional energy. I'm supersensual and passive with women. Girl sex is incredibly sweet and beautiful. With men I tend to be more submissive, but no matter who I'm with I'm hypersexual." Jackie elaborates, "I love sucking cock and either lying on my stomach or being on my hands and knees while I'm getting fucked. Coming all over a throbbing cock, especially in doggy, is the most amazing feeling. The pinnacle of doggy is when the guy's balls slap my clit from behind." Jackie's an anal sex fan too. "I have to be in the mood," she specifies, "but when I do it, I go crazy. Fingering myself with a cock deep inside my ass is oh, so hot, it makes me sweat." How's this for a kicker? "My only fetish is watching myself have sex, so I'm always positioning my mirrors to give my partner and me a good show."

—Photos by Wolf Whistle Studios

Twitter: @Fucking_Jackie
Instagram: @JackieOhh_
"I fantasize about dressing up as a cheerleader and being gangbanged by a bunch of football players. Why does that sound so fun? I was a cheerleader for ten years.

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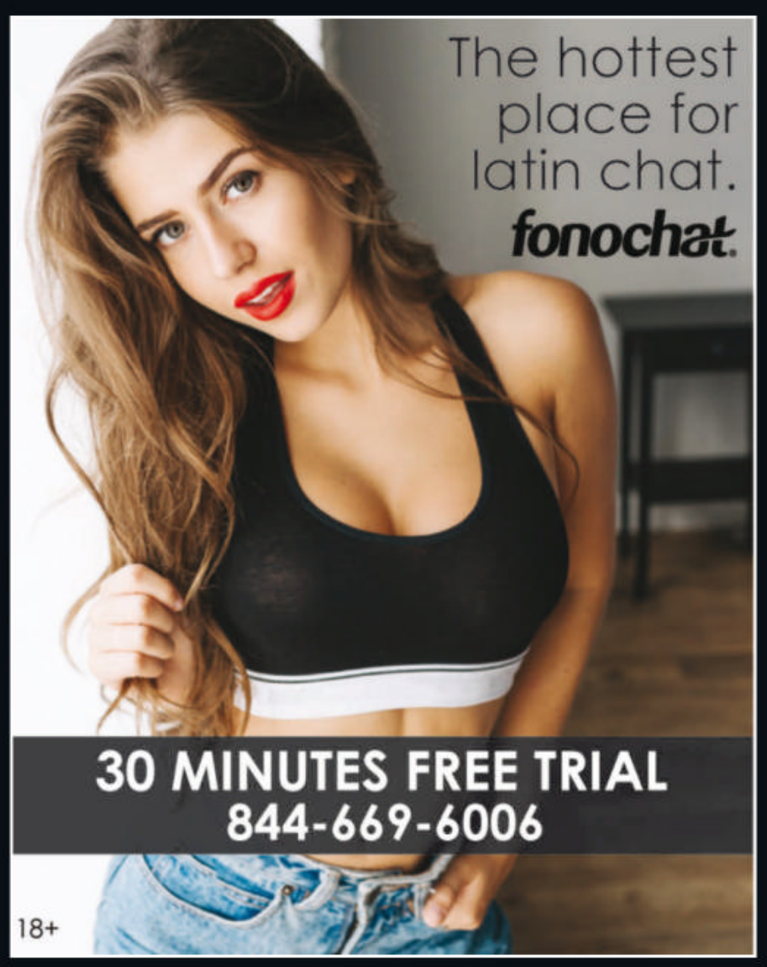

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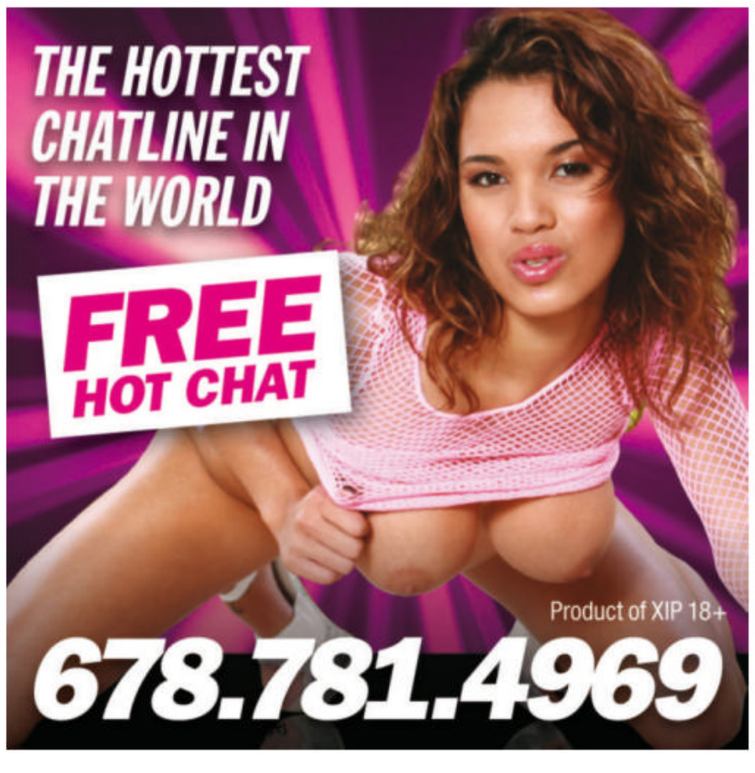

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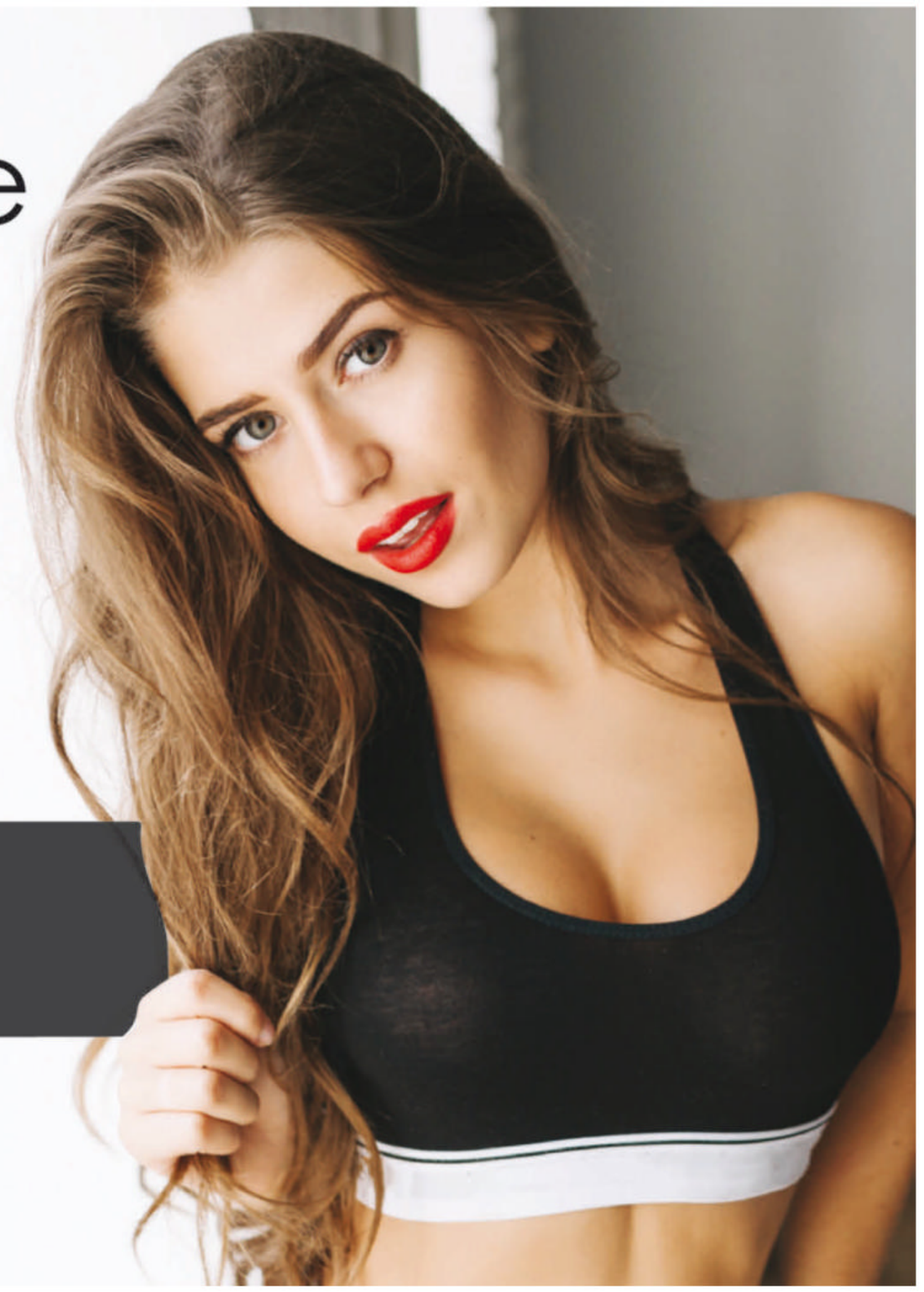

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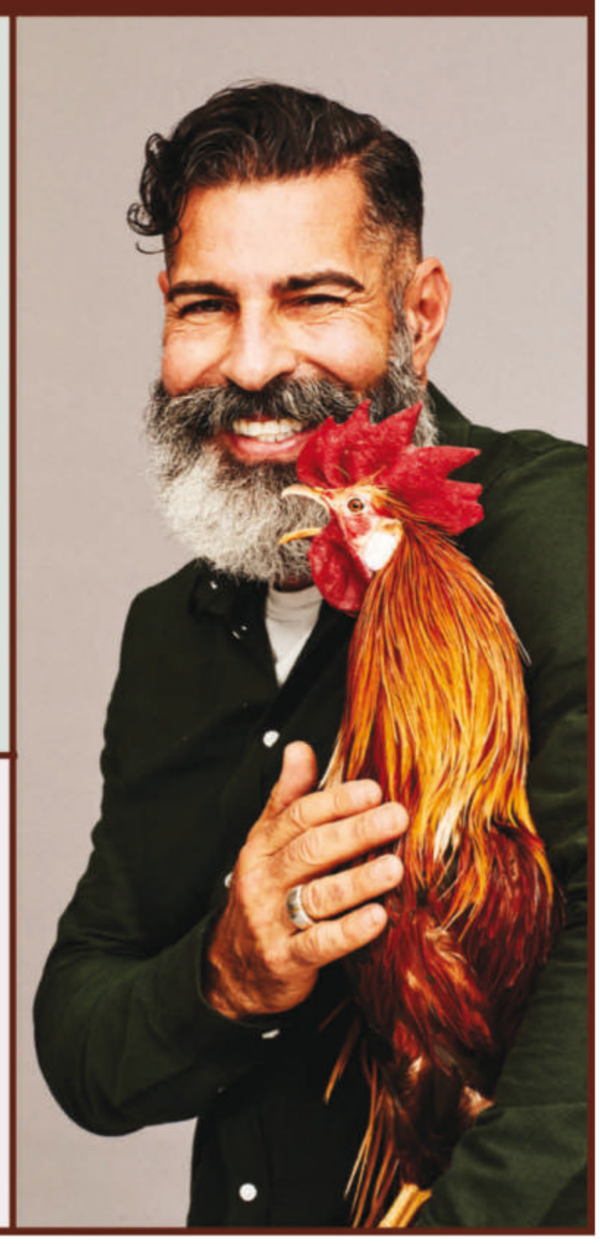

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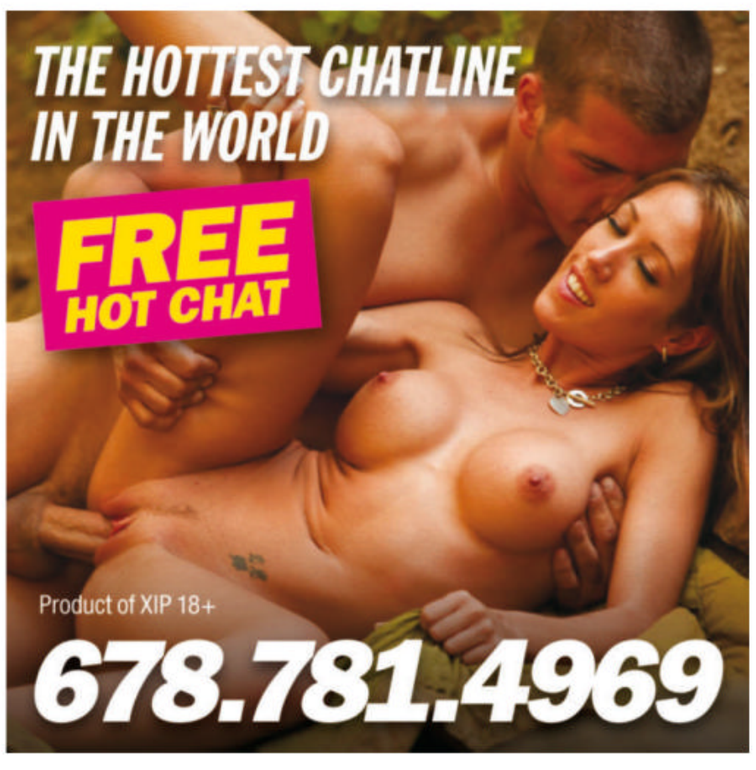

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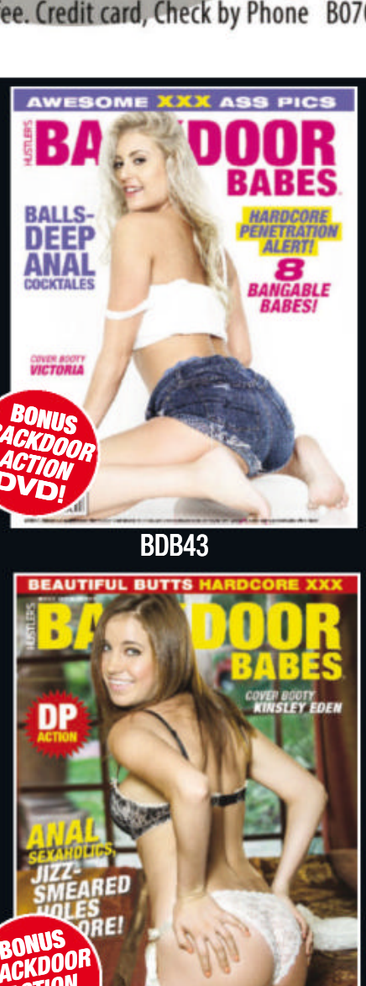

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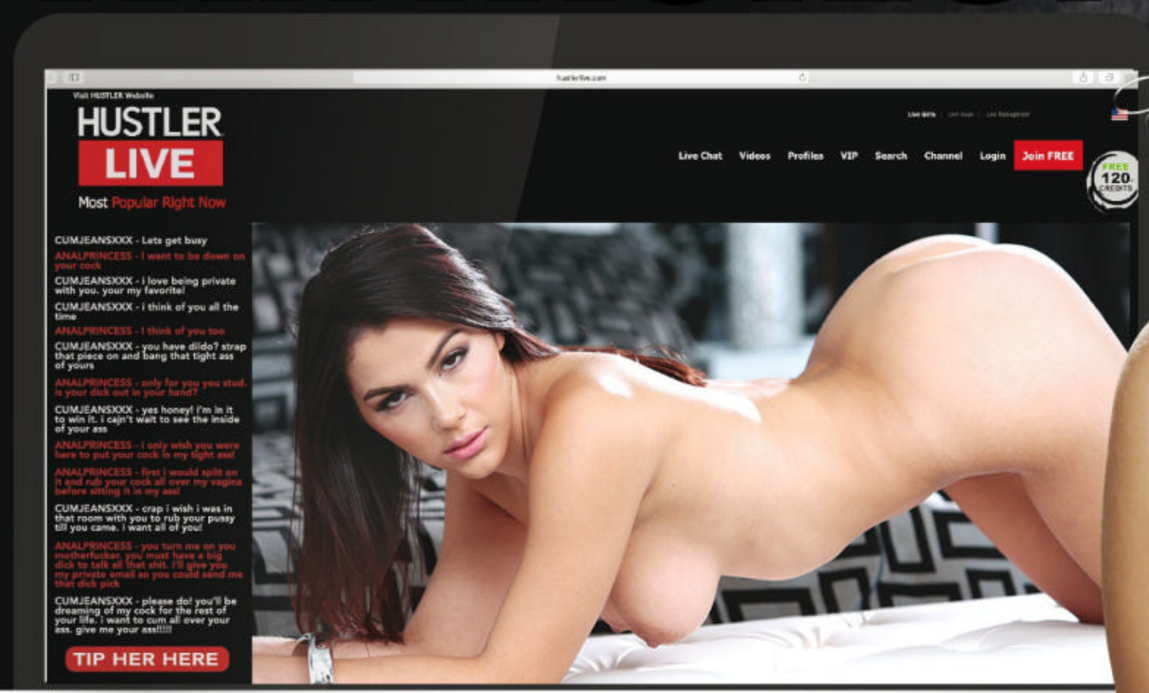
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Skinny-dipping with her hairdresser Robbie, professed virgin **Cindy** pouts, "I wish you were straight, because I really want to find out what dick tastes like." Robbie fidgets uncomfortably as **Cindy** drops to her knees and smiles. "Let's just see if you like it."

As she mouths his organ, Robbie gasps, "That's not so bad. What does your pussy feel like?"

Cindy spreads her legs, navigating his rod into her moist folds. "Oops!" she giggles as Robbie pumps her. "I guess you know I lied about being a virgin."

"That's okay," Robbie pants. "I lied about being gay."

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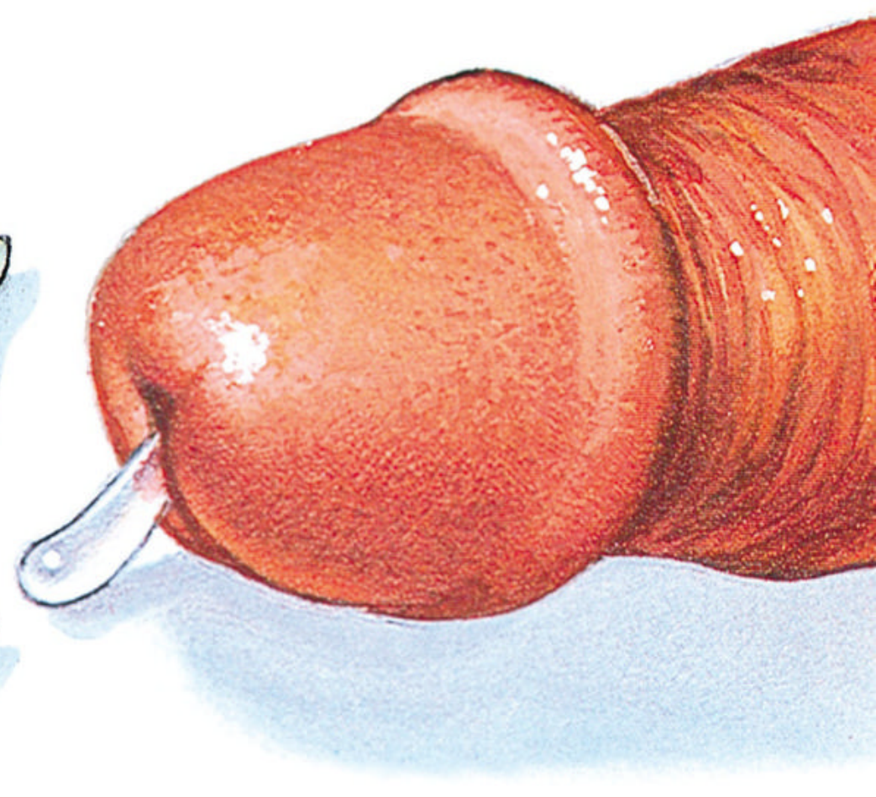

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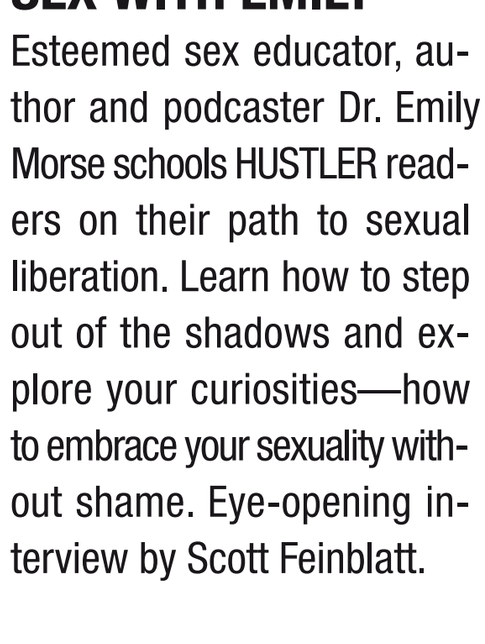
STOYA & JOANNA ANGEL

XXX superstars Stoya and Joanna Angel discuss exciting new projects—an interactive novel for Joanna and a digital mag for Stoya. Plus, both get naked in stunning pics! Bonus: Ogle Joanna's amazing new tits! Interview by Stoya and Joanna. Photos by Steve Prue.

SEX WITH EMILY

Esteemed sex educator, author and podcaster Dr. Emily Morse schools HUSTLER readers on their path to sexual liberation. Learn how to step out of the shadows and explore your curiosities—how to embrace your sexuality without shame. Eye-opening interview by Scott Feinblatt.

PHOTO BY NATHALIA VIEIRA



ASIAN CHEERLEADERS

Petite sexual acrobats Lulu Chu, Vina Sky, Luna Mills and Ember Snow star in this uncensored hardcore layout. Raw-raw-raw closeups of exceptionally naughty cheerleaders in action. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

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